NY LIFE, OCT. 23rd, 1920.

E ART OF RUGBY FOOTBALL (Illustrated). By E. H. D. Sewell. IN THE OPEN (Illustrated).

TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XLVIII.—No. 1242.

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n t sents SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23rd, 1920.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



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#### EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in Country Life can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

# PREPARING FOR . UNEMPLOYMENT

T would be a waste of time to go over the reasons for expecting unemployment in the coming winter. are known and accepted everywhere: already the pinch is beginning to be felt. Scarcely a day passes without the newspapers recording that another and still another firm has had to curtail its activity and pay off a number of the "hands." Later it may be necessary to show the connection between recent Labour policy and unemployment; but the immediate matter is to think out beforehand the most effectual and the least costly method of finding work for hands that would otherwise be idle. A generation ago appeals were made to philanthropists. The most extraordinary method we know of relieving poverty in winter was that of a great landowner who chose the occasion for digging out a lake. As may be imagined, there was a very large hillock of earth when the proceedings were finished, and still unemployment had not slackened. Someone told the kindly landowner that the need of employment was as imperative as ever, whereupon he gave orders for the men to shift the little mountain of earth with their shovels and wheel-barrows to a spot some hundred yards distant. The execution of this task carried them through the winter. Had he told them to roll a large stone uphill, and when it came tumbling down roll it up again, he would have done as much material good. The country cannot afford to follow examples of that kind, though it has done so on many previous occasions: setting men to work not because there was anything to do, but to provide an excuse for paying them wages. At present there is a great deal of work to be done in this country, and it should be tackled at once. There are roads, for example; in some places new roads want making, in many others they need repairing. This involves labour requiring very little skill, and there is no reason why those who are thrown out of work should not be turned on to it.

Another field into which the energies of those who have no work might be deflected is that of house-building. We all know its urgency: we know, too, the obstacles that would be thrown in the way by Trades Unionists if the suggestion were made by anyone in authority that those out of work should be set to the erection of cottages. There is no doubt, however, that nineteen out of every twenty labourers could do useful work of this kind. It is not really skilled work, as is abundantly proved by the fact that when building is slack the workers are absorbed in other trades and when it is active it is recruited from the same sources, though not necessarily by the men who had left. Such work can be done by anyone who knows how to use his hands. We do not think that the country would submit to interference on the part of Trade Unionists if it felt that a spell of lean years had at length arrived. Such a calamity is the natural consequence of a war which has wasted the resources of every participating country, whatever may be the outward appearances that disguise the fact. Granted that a minority made profits, how does that help the majority who failed to do so? How does it affect the soldiers at the front who were shut off from any opportunity of deriving profit from the needs of the nation? A certain man who was selling rags and bones at the beginning of the war ended it as the proprietor of a large estate; and his case does not stand by any means alone. Such occurrences for a time gave the false impression that there was plenty of money in the country; but some money had exchanged owners, that was all.

It cannot be expected that the State can maintain those who are out of work. The distress is largely due to the heavy taxation rendered necessary by war expenditure, and every addition to it is another burden for industry to carry. Thus for the State to relieve unemployment out of taxation is only to take money out of one pocket without being able to put it into another. Universal or national philanthropy is all very well when declaimed from a platform, but will not for any length of time stand the test of commercial depression.

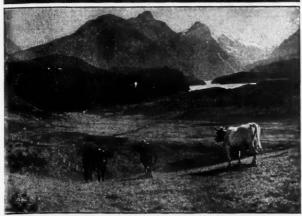
On the land there are many methods by which idle hands could be put to profitable employment. The best of all would be in bringing land now practically lying idle into crop-bearing condition. Much of this is going on in the country, but there is very ample room indeed for more activity. Nor would it take long to draw up a scheme that would infuse hope into the hearts of the workers. The idea would be to give the men a living wage, or the wage usually paid to unemployment, and at the same time offer to them the tenancy or even ownership of a portion of the land they are reclaiming. The Government experiment at Methwold is scarcely needed to show that a man with aptitude and industry might make what, for him, is a handsome income out of a single acre of ground if he can combine intelligent poultry keeping with vegetable growing for the market. It would be unreasonable to expect that every man out of work would be fitted for it, but the labourer should be paid his wage and the one with the special capacity required should be rewarded by the opening up of facilities for his acquiring the occupation of the land brought in.

## Our Frontispiece

N this week's issue we give a new portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Hope Morley with her little daughter. Her husband is the eldest son of the 1st Baron Hollenden.

<sup>\*\*\*</sup> Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in duc course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.

# COUNTRY



# NOTES

HE short, sharp messages which poured in from industrial centres on the first day of the strike paint the situation more vividly than any verbal eloquence could. The iron and steel trade was naturally the first to feel the effects of the strike. In Sheffield, where eighty thousand men are affected, all agreements are to terminate next Saturday and only day to day work to begin afterwards. In the heart of the Durham Coal district Whitwell and Company closed, causing two thousand men to fall idle. Consett works, employing five thousand men, were closed. South Durham and Seaton Carew and Jarrow are closed or are to be closed shortly, leaving nearly five thousand men out of employment. The largest steel works at Llanelly are closed and the two thousand or more idle will be increased to ten thousand by the end of the week. The same story is told from Glasgow, Leeds, Wigan, Barrow, Wellingborough and South Wales and wherever iron and steel works are carried on. Docks and shipping companies are following suit, and so is cotton. Thus it will be seen that the strike of the miners is the centre of a circular wave ever spreading outwards and carrying idleness and suffering with it.

AS long as Labour and Capital exist there will be disputes between them. That is a fact discounted beforehand. What is disheartening is that, in spite of the reasonable and conciliatory spirit evinced on both sides and the really strenuous efforts made to avoid a strike in the coal trade, it has occurred. Many of the Labour leaders seem to be as much disappointed as the public. But thoughtful men and women are more than disappointed. They realise a spectacle of bad significance for the future of the country. Never was England poorer than at the present moment—never in greater need of strenuous effort and careful economy. Yet here are a million workers standing idle, and not only idle in themselves, but the cause of idleness to others; for if the supply of coal is not maintained, industry after industry must be weakened to the point of exhaustion. Unemployment in the most favourable circumstances was likely to prevail during the coming winter. It will do so to an enormously increased extent owing to this strike. One cannot help believing that if the miners could be made to realise all this the door might still be open to a compromise.

IN the turmoil of unrest which has long been foreseen and is now gathering pace, there is one line of policy, at least, which can be carried out with hope of its bearing good fruit. This is the establishment of more and more men on small holdings. The owner of a piece of land is a pillar of the State from whatever point he is regarded. In his case there is no leaning either to Capital or Labour, because he represents both. Every day in his life he recognises that without capital agriculture, the simplest

occupation in the world, could make no progress. The best part of a year elapses from the moment when the seed is sown to that in which payment for the harvest is received, and during the interval there must be a reserve wherewith to purchase necessary stock and plant and maintain the workers. The worst difficulty would be got over if means were found to provide the labourer with the requisite funds for starting. We must assume him to have a little, but not enough to obtain an effective return from the land. The question is whether it might be worth while to approach the joint stock banks which have branches in most of the agricultural districts. An arrangement might be come to whereby they would give loans at a moderate rate of interest.

N other respects the small-holder is a stabilising element in society. For one thing, the wage question does not affect him. He receives what he can earn, and, in a way, his return might be taken as a gauge of what the work of a similar man is worth when he is in employment. The small-holder would naturally be opposed to industrial unrest, as his prosperity would depend upon freedom from disturbance. Then, he has a stake in the country. There can be no doubt that France owed its salvation as a State to its peasant proprietors. In what was once the most revolutionary of European nations there has been no social upheaval since the establishment of peasant pro-prietors. It is the same everywhere. The ownership of even a few acres of land gives a man a feeling of pride and substantiality more than anything else. His little holding is as much to him as a great manor is to a landowner. The encouragement of small holdings, then, is a line of policy which should be followed out promptly and resolutely. Theoretically, everybody is agreed about it, but the movement does not proceed with enough energy. If it cannot be hastened, it is useless to talk of the effects that may be produced by it in the world to come.

#### BONBOUCHE IN THE BEECH WOOD.

Bonbouche, the big black Breton dog has come Into the beech wood with us, for at home He has to herd the cows; And he would rather run beneath the boughs Upon a red-brown bed of last year's leaves, Play hide and seek among the buckwheat sheaves . . . Let him be While I am idle in your company, Here on the moss, my back against a tree. Dancing sun and shadow! And between the boles, An orchard where the windfall apple rolls Upon the yellow stubble; for the corn Is harvested. All day from early morn Till dark, we hear the hum of threshing. "Coo . . Calls the woodpigeon, and "Go home you two . . . Calls the woodpigeon. The squirrels bustle Bright-eyed in the tree tops. Beech nuts rustle As they fall, slight with tiny dry sound On the ground. And from sunshine into shade Down the glade, A soldier rides by in horizon blue With dreamy eyes, not seeing me or you.

GERTRUDE JAMES.

TO Mr. Frederic Harrison must be accorded the honour of being the most extraordinary and interesting old man of his day. Last week he entered his ninetieth year, and he remains not only capable of taking a lively interest in passing events, but he writes as incisively and as well as ever he did. He reads the old classical books, from which his power of quotation is inexhaustible; and he is able to take a steady and clear view of the world situation now unrolled before eyes that have not grown dim. The only sign of failing vitality given in the course of a long interview in the *Times* is his reluctance to face the critical moments that are rapidly arriving. For the time everything seems moving towards chaos, and after four score and ten years one does not like to face the long task of reconstruction, however great his faith may be that humanity has incalculable powers of recuperation.

Humanity will surmount its difficulties, but the purgation to be gone through may be a very long one. Its duration does not depend on "the great grey head," but on the energy and sense of the coming generation.

LORD INVERFORTH, who managed to admiration the affairs of the Disposal Board, is largely responsible for the new coup by which certain British shipowners have acquired control of the shipping on the Danube. The affair was one of those gigantic deals which have been characteristic of high commerce since the beginning of the war. The importance to the British public is that the transaction promises to open up a great number of fresh markets for British produce. Readers need not be reminded that the Danube is an immense river with a course of no less than 1,740 miles, which serves a huge section of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Serbia, Rumania and Bulgaria. The shipping consists of a fine fleet of steamers, each of which will carry nearly one thousand passengers, and a great flotilla of barges. Hitherto these have been under the control of a great number of companies. Now unity of command, so to speak, will be established, and this will give opportunities for stricter economy in working. It is a huge enterprise, which will employ a staff of no fewer than fifteen thousand men, and owning its own collieries and shipbuilding and repairing yards. It can hardly fail to have an enormous effect on British foreign trade.

THE professional golfer appears to be widening the gap that divides him from the amateur. Last week at Sunningdale two teams of eight pairs a side met in a foursome tournament, the professionals giving a start of two holes up, and after the second round no amateur pair survived. Before the war a similar handicap made a good match of it. There is no doubt that at the moment amateur golf is not as good as it used to be: we have no players such as were Ball, Tait and Hilton at their best. Nevertheless, it is only to be expected that with the continually growing popularity of golf and the increasing rewards for professional skill the paid player should be always growing more skilful. A Scottish professional said years ago of a famous amateur that the only difference between Mr. So-and-So and the professionals was that "he had mair to eat and mair to drink." To-day the professional leads no longer a feckless hand-to-mouth existence. He is a prosperous and considerable person who works very hard at his profession, is for ever thinking out its problems, and, perhaps most important of all, never lets himself grow careless even for a moment. His superiority, though smaller in degree, is no more to be wondered at than is that of his fellow professional in billiards.

WE publish in this week's issue some "action" photographs of well known Rugby football players, showing something both of concerted tactics and also individual kicks, or, as they might almost be called, strokes in the game. Football, with its movement and rapid changes, does not lend itself so easily to this pictorial analysis as does such a game as golf; but these photographs show something of the art that there is in the game. Rugby is to-day extremely popular and attracts large crowds of spectators, but a great many of these were at schools where some other kind of football was played. To many of these, however great their enthusiasm, the game remains something of an exciting mystery. Some of the subtleties of play, especially in the scrummage, must be lost to them, and the referee's whistle often blows without their knowing precisely why. They can understand the comparatively obvious brilliance of an attack by the three-quarters, but there is far more in the play of the backs than running and passing. As Mr. Sewell shows, there is much art in the kicking. We hope that these articles may show them beauties and difficulties in the game that they have hitherto not fully appreciated, and will also be interesting to those who have played the game from boyhood.

WE hope that the recommendations regarding passports made by a special Commission of the League of Nations will receive the attention they deserve. Passports were a necessary evil during the war. To some extent they are needed still in order to check the propagandist wanderings of the wily Bolshevist. The whole passport system could be greatly simplified without losing its effectiveness; a point would be gained if a uniform system could be established. At present every country has a method of its own: the expenses, too, vary very greatly. grievance of all arises from the waiting and hanging about during the many occasions on which a passport has to be viséd. On these occasions the officials never hurry in the slightest, and the unfortunate traveller has to hang about to suit their pleasure. The sooner we can revert to the pre-war custom the better; but meanwhile something would be gained if the very practical suggestions made by the League were carried out.

#### TO JUNE.

A baby girl born in June, 1920.

I met you in October, June, When golden leaves were falling down, And all the woods were turning brown, Sweet June.

Your eyes are as the skies of June, Your little fingers tipp'd with pink Of roses perfumed, make me think, Sweet June.

Although four months have passed since June,
And though the year is growing old,
You secrets of the summer hold,
Sweet June.

Theodora Roscoe.

A CURIOUS illustration of the effects produced by the low rate of exchange in the various countries has just been made public. It comes from a German who contributed an article to an English magazine. In paying him the Editor apologised for remunerating him at a low rate because of the great expense involved in getting out his magazine. The sum, in fact, amounted only to thirty shillings. However, at the current rate of exchange this was worth six hundred marks, and the German *littérateur* in his note of acknowledgment declared that, so far from an apology being needed, this was a higher rate of pay than he had ever received from any journal in his own country. Literary men may well hope that editors will not follow the example of those Oxford University men who speedily want to make friends with those whom we were fighting a year or two ago. An editor might easily, on these terms, fill his pages with cheap literature made in Germany, while his English contributors were left out in the cold.

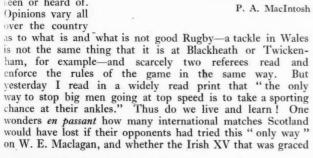
LORD BLEDISLOE, at the opening of the Dairy Show, put his finger on a weak spot when he said that in reaching for a pure milk supply there was a danger of substantially reducing the amount of milk. He said that "a large number of cow byres and sheds in this country were never intended for the purpose for which they are now used," and argued that in consequence they might have to be scrapped, thus involving the tenant or owner in a great deal of expense that would have a reaction on the price of milk. As a practical farmer, Lord Bledisloe knows that a handy man can mend or adapt almost any building to the purpose for which it is required. One of the most perfect dairies in England was almost a wreck when the present occupant took it over. He destroyed nothing but added much; with the result that, although the dairy does not look new, as clean milk as any in England is produced from it. The moral to be drawn is that nothing should be pulled down in times like these. If there are walls standing means can be found to make a cowshed that will answer all reasonable requirements. Already, as Lord Bledisloe pointed out, milk has so greatly increased in price that it has become a luxury to the cottager. This is a pity, because there is no better food for young people, and the object of legislation should always be to aim at moderation in the cost of production.

# THE ART OF RUGBY FOOTBALL

PUNT, PLACE AND DROP-KICKING.

By E. H. D. SEWELL.

HOPE in the course of these articles, illustrated by photographs, to show that there is in the game of Rugby Football something more han a form of igorous exercise which, as one ynic put it, "be-ins with a placeick and ends in ospital." Nor ospital." Nor brush can or tope to get to the pottom of this game, and the longer one plays ind watches it the nore does there eem to be in it than one has ever een or heard of. Opinions vary all





THE ART OF PLACE-KICKING.
P. A. MacIntosh taking a place kick;

by the presence of the late Basil Maclear would ever have lost a match against opponents who offered such a tissue paper de-fence. That by the way. It is relevant, because so many people are nowadays watching Rugger who were not weaned on it, and they may chance to read such ignorant absurdities that the other side of the picture may as well be offered for their approval.

It is true that the game usually begins with a place-kick, or what is intended to be one, but

the art of place-kicking is at a rather low ebb just now. Here and there a few fairly good place-kickers are to be found, but we have no Douglas Morkel, and two of our greatest, D. Lambert and H. Alexander, fell in the war. One reason why place-kicking is not so good as it should be is because the majority of kickers make the "place" in the wrong way. They turn their back on the goal and proceed to delve a long pit, of the width of their heel and about the length of their boot. In soft weather the resultant "place" has a high rampart of mud on the side towards the goal, and





THE ART OF PUNTING.

W. G. Smith getting in a left-footed screw kick to touch.

Lieut. Evan Thomas, R.N., making one of the most difficult of punts.



THE ART OF DROP-KICKING.
P. A. MacIntosh showing a perfect specimen of let-go.

feet, how far a ball from a touch-line place-kick will miss goal if it is turned only at an angle of 1 degree from the intended line at the moment of impact.

The proper, the safest, and the neatest way to make a "place" is for the kicker to face goal, to dig his heel in firmly

The proper, the safest, and the neatest way to make a "place" is for the kicker to face goal, to dig his heel in firmly once, and to turn right round once on his heel. The result, after the edges of the cup thus formed have been smoothed, is a teed ball standing about half an inch to an inch above the turf. Only a clean, straight kick is now necessary, and that is always best made if the kicker keeps his "ee on th' ba'"—as P. A. MacIntosh, the Watsonian-London Scottish three-quarter, is doing in the first photograph. As in golf, and all ball games, the kicker who takes his eye off the ball is lost. A further essential to success which is gained by utilising the suggested tee method is that the ball once placed in the cup remains there and does not need the support of the half-back's fingers, as shown to be necessary in the picture. Sometimes those fingers are withdrawn in time—sometimes not. When they are not, all the odds are against the kick being

that obsuccessful. stacle to When they success is are then the ball is quite the cause of most of likely to roll over for the failures. The placer, want of as a general support. Sothat rule, per-forms his whether duty of they making the withdrawn in time or kicker's not pathsmooth result is "no-goal." in a most perfunctory manner, Whether or and the result is not they will be that the ball withdrawn sometimes in time is a mental disrolls over traction for just as the kick is the kicker, who has quite taken, and at others is deflected at enough to do as it is the outset. I leave to without mathematibeing needlessly put off. I first cians to tell us, in terms utilised the



THE ART OF DROP-KICKING.

I. J. Kilgour, a fine action, showing his spinless let-go.

tee method over thirty years ago and have seen nothing since which can be regarded as its equal. There is one other point in place-kicking which helps to make assurance surer, and that is that the lace of the ball in all place-kicks—as indeed in punts and drops—should be upwards. Obviously the smoother side of the ball is likely to leave boot, or earth, more smoothly than is the side where there is more or less of a protuberance.

In punting a Rugby ball the art consists largely in timing the let-go of the ball, and the direction in which the kicker lets it go, precisely so that the blow dealt by the foot may be imparted to it at its (the foot's) highest momentum. The foot must follow-through exactly as the club in golf or the bat in cricket to get the best results. The follow-through of the greatest punters, men like Gerhardt Morkel (the 1912 South African full-back), R. A. Lloyd (the Irish captain) and W. J. Wallace (New Zealand 1905 team), was remarkable. On the other hand, such a fine kick as K. G. Macleod had quite a lack of follow-through. His was more of a vicious snap than that of his contemporaries, the ball being dealt a terrific blow.



FIELD KICKING.

J. A. Krige about to make a left-footed defence punt to stop an attack on the twenty-five line. He has no time to spare, as in another instant No. 5 (C. N. Lowe) will be on to him.

Another most accurate punter, E. J. Jackett, seemed to push the ball more after the manner of an Association forward's "shot" at goal, and modern Rugby has not shown us a more precise kicker than Jackett. Three of the best to-day are Lieutenant Evan Thomas, R.N., B. S. Cumberlege (Blackheath) and W. G. Smith (Wesley College, Dublin, and R.M.C. Sandhurst). I have not yet been able to make Cumberlege and sunshine coincide, and "action" photography without the sun is a mere weariness of the fesh.

Evan Thomas has here brought off a fine specimen of the over-the-shoulder punt of the Round-the-Corner-Smith family of athletic achievement. Most tyros can kick some sort of ball to their left, but it is given only to the practised and skilled worker to evolve a long ball in that direction. Here the kicker has proved the value of follow-through, the foot having actually done so from the ankle downwards as, indeed, it should, and does in the case of all really first-class punters. The strong point in the Sandhurst full-back's game is the screw-kick. In the photograph his left foot (he is equally good with both, and will, therefore, play for Ireland one day) is turning over inwards. If one desired to criticize him his leaning back tendency is the bone one would pick at. The whole of his attitude is one of aiming, a thing they teach at Camberley with some success.

With regard to the screw-kick opinions differ greatly. Some say that adepts can, and do, apply the screw at will. If so, I have never seen an adept. I have certainly seen

from the touch-line, backed himself to find touch four times in six attempts between two flags placed on the touch-line 35yds. and 40yds. from the mark.

We now come to the more practical drop-kick, which ally wins matches. The essence of the business here is actually wins matches. a spinless let-go. Four of the best drop-kickers now playing fairly regularly are J. Shea (Newport and Wales), B. S. Cumberlege (Blackheath and England), P. A. MacIntosh (London Scottish), J. G. Van Schalkwijk (Guy's and Surrey) and J. C. M. Lewis (Cardiff and Wales). A promising one is Kilgour (Cheltenham, R.M.C. Sandhurst and Scottish Football Union Trials), but inasmuch as he is a wing, the accomplishment is less necessary than in the other cases. In the pictures of the drop-kick the truly let-go ball is obvious. Alike in regard to angle at which the ball will reach—and in one case has reached—the turf, as well as in the important matter of a smooth release by the hands, these pictures are models for the learner, or the uninitiated. Possibly the ball in MacIntosh's drop might have been more erect, but many a long ball results from such a sloping ball. It is a curious fact that no placekicker from near touch would dream of canting the ball back towards him as in the case of these drop-kicks. Yet if a dropkicker attempts to drop the ball so that he may kick it with its snout pointing towards goal, failure grievous and utter is his inevitable portion. Sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander in this matter.



A FREE FROM A MARK.

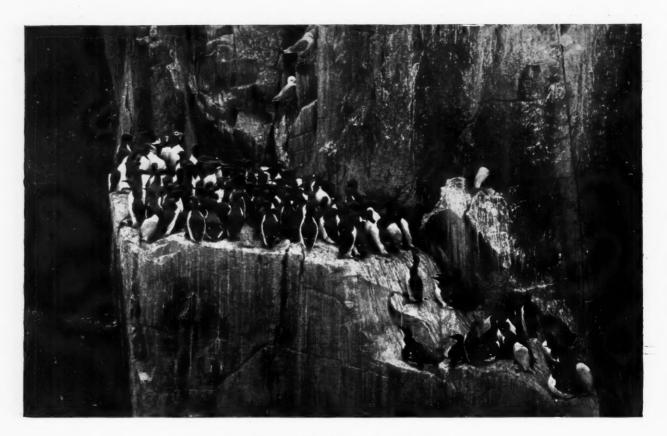
P. K. Albertijn (for Guy's v. Blackheath). Only L. P. B. Merriam, in the centre of the three "charging" forwards, is doing the right thing.

many a long ball bore its way against the wind spinning on its longer axis and securing a royds. further touch than it would have done without the spin, but to aver, as is sometimes done, that this screw has always been purposely applied is to ask us to believe that the art of punting has been brought to a higher state of general efficiency than amateurs have the time to spare in which to bring it. Such a painstaking player as the late H. B. Winfield, who used to practice for hours on Cardiff Arms Park, and who knew his home ground as no other back, excepting perhaps W. J. Bancroft, ever knew his, might perhaps have screw-kicked to order, but he is the only great kick I can think of who could. A great point is made of the way some players know and utilise the swirls and eddies of air around the stand at Inverleith, but inasmuch as we are sometimes asked to believe this of a player who has not played on that very open ground more than half a dozen times the demand upon our credulity is rather heavy. It is probably nearer the truth that accomplished kickers do screw-kick more often than their less able brethren, but they do so more from the nature of the beast who has in him "the gift" of punting than from malice prepense. I should be sorry for the able punter who, screw-kicking against the wind from a mark 3yds.

The concluding photographs in this article illustrate every-day occurrences in actual play. Guy's Hospital, who had a good fifteen last seasor, have been fortified this year by a most accomplished left-wing three-quarter, a former member of the Stellenbosch XV of South Africa, named Albertijn. He comes into London club Rugby knowing the game through and through, and if there is no reason in the politics of the game why South Africans should not play for England he wi'll surely be well in the running for the national fifteen. Last season the English selectors played J. A. Krige and F. W. Mellish, both of South Africa, for England; but Ireland to all intents and purposes ruled out any member of the South Africar contingent at Trinity College, Dublin, as ineligible. We are not concerned here with the politics of the game, and I only refer to Albertijn as, like other Colonials we have seen, he needs no tuition in the game and he punts from a different let-go to that of United Kingdom players. Colonials often have the right hand on top and in a way push, or putt, the ball down on to their foot. The position of Albertijn's right hand in this photograph tends to show what I mean. In the picture on the opposite page, Krige, engaged in another kind of punt, is holding the ball as our players hold it.

# THE COLOUR of the GUILLEMOT'S EGG

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.



THE GUILLEMOT LAYS ON A LEDGE.

AM no collector, but I am keenly alive to the fascination and beauty of many birds' eggs, and so I am under no temptation to be misled by rarity or cheapness of any given egg that any bird can lay. Guillemots' eggs are as common as hens' eggs—even commoner, and to-day you can get them for less—some of them, that is; and yet I fearlessly assert that no more beautiful eggs exist, and nothing which can give, in that sort, more delight to the eye and to the mind. They range through an endless variety of colour and pattern, though with less variety of shape and size. They are to be found from a pure white to white with a faint blue or sea green tinge, thence to a brighter blue or green with faint scribblings of brown, or else with broad blobs and blotches of the same, and thence to a still brighter blue or green ground covered all over with scribblings as if a child had taken a pen full of "Prout's brown" and done its worst; or once more an intense deep zone of bigger blotches and spots. And then again the same upward range from a pure white to white with creamy tinge, and so on as before till a very remarkable mahogamy red is reached which covers the whole egg with an almost uniform mottle. Within these limits are every conceivable and inconceivable variety of pattern and tone. I have seen it written that no one could find half a dozen precisely similar. No one could find any two precisely similar. But here one must say at once that this statement is true of every kind of mottled or spotted or streaked eggs of any species—of all, in fact, save those which lay a whole coloured egg. It is true in a very remarkable degree with the eggs of the lesser black-backed gull, the black-headed gull, the Arctic tern and a good number of others. But nowhere is the variation so vivid, so startling and so fascinatingly beautiful as with the foolish guillemot. The reader should put the matter to a test by going to the Natural History Museum at Kensington. There in the Great Hall beside the right-hand door which leads to the room wh

effect as we now know them in natural history would say at once that the law of natural selection had been to a great extent (not entirely) suspended, at any rate in the matter of colour, and that Nature, released from the presence of her exacting assessor and free from check, had played fast and loose with her whole palette of birds' egg colour. Not that that palette, as we shall presently see, is a very wide one, but within its limits it is capable of producing effects of great beauty. This is only another way of expressing the truth that the colour and pattern of the guillemot's egg, be it what it may, is neither gain nor loss to the species. They would gain nothing by its being of "concealment" or "protective" coloration; they lose nothing by its being, as it is, conspicuous. A little reflection will show this. From the day when the single egg is laid on the precipice shelf it is covered by the little brown body of the owners, male or female, who, with back turned to the sea and sitting upright, or slightly bent forward, cover it from sight till the small striped novice emerges, some twenty-eight days later, almost able to take care of himself. The exceptional moments when the egg is open to view are when the birds rise in terror at the sound of a gunshot or when raven, gull or fulmar makes a raid, or when some two-legged monster (Homo sapiens, Linn.) comes dangling down the cliff at the end of a rope. It is obvious that no colouring or pattern whatever would protect the egg from such marauders, who know exactly what to look for and where to look. The egg, be it the pure white or the glorious blue or the cream and brown or the whole mahogany (good concealment), goes alike on to the neb of the gull or into the waistbag of the human. It might as well be scarlet or orange for anything it has to gain or lose. Therefore colour and pattern may do as they please. Natural selection—and there are plenty of other cases in Nature—can afford to stand by; and so too sexual selection cannot be called into account for the

birds derive immense pleasure from the sight of their beautiful egg, a pleasure which I believe to run throughout the whole of the animal kingdom in kindred circumstances, but otherwise, so far as colour and pattern go, the two great restricting and developing forces are quiescent. I do not, however, think the same can be so fully claimed in the question of the shape and size of the egg. Briefly, at starting, one may say that the egg is of an elongated pear-shape, and extremely large—among the largest known (perhaps the great auk went one better) in comparison to the size of the bird itself, i.e., 3.25ins. to 18ins. Now to take the shape first. There is in several districts where guillemots assemble an ancient belief that the egg is never detached from its resting place—a belief which, like many others, ignores the evidence of eyesight. To account for this supposed phenomenon it is asserted that the bird makes a kind of glue by which it fixes the egg in position on the shelf. Throwing scorn upon the glue, a few naturalists—Mr. J. C. Atkinson among posed phenomenon it is asserted that the bird makes a kind of glue by which it fixes the egg in position on the shelf. Throwing scorn upon the glue, a few naturalists—Mr. J. C. Atkinson among them—still accept the view of the immunity of the egg which they account for by its shape, whereby the egg instead of rolling off rolls round. The main objection to the view is that as a matter of fact it does roll off, and that in large numbers when matter of fact it does roll off, and that in large numbers when the birds are suddenly frightened—Yarrell, Howard Saunders, and Dixon (than whom no man had more first-hand knowledge) all agree to this. I would add the suggestion that there are numbers of birds whose eggs are equally pointed. Redshank, snipe, peewit, etc., who lay on the flat ground where there is no question of rolling off. In these cases the pointed shape enables the four or more eggs to lie in the neatest compass. It is possible that at a remote date the guillemot laid several eggs instead of one. At the same time I think the shape of the guillemot's egg coupled with its rough surface may be safer than a round egg would be, and yet stop surface may be safer than a round egg would be, and yet stop very far short of what is claimed for it. When we come to the matter of size, it must be owned that the bird lays a notable egg of a real breakfast size. I once heard a schoolboy in the Natural History Museum, after gazing at the egg of the dinornis, about the size of a small football, say to his father: "I say, Dad, that's a fine breakfast egg!" But to gauge the size of our bird's egg, Howard Saunders points out that the guillemot and raven are about the same size but the capacity of their eggs, is as 10 to 1. But here we are comparing the egg of a bird with bethe site representation. is as 10 to 1. But here we are comparing the egg of a bird who hatches its young one able to walk and swim with one who hatches its young callow. Let us rather compare the eggs of, say, guillemot and great bustard. The young of the latter are hatched fully able to walk. The bird itself often weighs between 30lb. and 40lb. I dare say a guillemot weighs 2½lb. to 3lb. And yet the latter lays an egg of fully twice the capacity of the great bustard's. Or again, take the pheasant, who, bulk for bulk, carries more meat than the sea bird. The eggs of the pheasant are hardly one-fourth the size. Now it is to note that the very large eggs are generally, but as we have seen not always, laid by birds whose young are hatched with their capacities for walking more or less ready for use, such as redshank, peewit, dunlin, snipe and oyster-catcher. Let us see if any reason suggests itself why the guillemot, on this showing, should lay an abnormally large egg. I think it lies herein that the young guillemot is called upon almost at once to use his wings for diving, his legs for swimming, and to face an unusual degree young guillemot is called upon almost at once to use his wings for diving, his legs for swimming, and to face an unusual degree of difficulty and stress almost immediately after birth. For this purpose his muscles and frame must be developed also to an unusual degree. He steps out of his case, like Cleopatra in the Russian Ballet, a ready-made miniature guillemot. And to admit of this development he needs a roomy egg. Your raven, whose young lie callow and helpless for weeks in the bottom of the nest till the day when they are called on to make that terrible plunge into the open air, can afford a small egg (especially as

he has to accommodate six or seven), the development taking place in the callow state.

But to return a moment to the astonishing variety of the marking and pattern and colour of the eggs of our bind—do they serve no use? It will at once suggest itself that they may do good service as identification or recognition marks when the birds, rightened from their eggs, return hurriedly each to seek her or his own in the crowded colony—for they sit almost shoulder to shoulder. It may be so, and probably they do assist recognition to a great extent. But the opinion of some good practical naturalists would lead one to think that the bird is more guided by locality than by the individual egg. I should myself be inclined to suppose that it is the two combined which effect the end. It should be possible by experiment to decide which is the more powerful agent. A partial experiment has indeed been tried—at Barra, I think—when by splashing a sitting bird with paint from above it was found that she always returned to the right egg. This, however, gives no clue as to how she recognised her post. By splashing two birds with different paint and transposing the eggs a decision might after a certain number of experiments be obtained. Meanwhile, let us turn for a moment to the eggs of other birds. There are a vast number of birds other than guillemots whose eggs present great varieties though within narrower limits and in less striking form. As a fact, already stated, no two eggs of any bird who does not lay a whole-coloured egg are absolutely identical, though the resemblance is so close as to deceive probably any but the owners; and these eggs are evidently in almost all cases coloured and patterned for concealment and match well with the surroundings, in some cases so well—ringed plover and dunlin, for example—that among the pebbles they may escape the villainous eye of crow or gull or human boy. One might add indefinitely to the full three the surface of the guillemots is made interesting because it has not.

Here I would draw attention to the fact that the vast majority of land birds must evidently depend on locality for guidance to their eggs, and not to any recognition marks on the eggs themselves, since these are not visible until the bird has reached the edge of the nest. Rooks are the only British land birds who build in colonies, unless swallows and martins can be accounted as doing so. For though many other birds, such as woodpigeons and starlings, spend the greater part of the year in flocks, they do not nest in colonies, but disperse at such a time. The same is true of the migrants who arrive in flocks. Now, all of these land birds (except the rooks) depend on locality for finding their way back to their eggs, and one does not see from that point of view of what service it is that—save with the whole-coloured as aforesaid—every egg possesses minute differences which make it to a mother's eye distinguishable from another. With sea birds and shore birds it is different. Take the case of the black-headed gulls, who at certain points in Northumberland nest in colonies on the ground. Their eggs, delightful in their colours and markings, are very variable. And since the birds nest rather close together—though not cheek by jowl, as the guillemots—the variations may act as very useful owners' marks and take precedence of locality as a guide to the right nest, with much gain to the harmony of the assemblage. Primarily beyond doubt the colouring of ground laying birds, especially shore birds, is concealment through resemblance to their surroundings (once more examine South Kensington), but this in no way precludes further utilities within the main principle. Before I pass from this part of the subject, let me notice the very remarkable case of the oyster-catcher—one of the most conspicuous of birds. But she lays eggs which are protectively coloured. When disturbed she slips off her nest and (like the



7. D. Ratter.

THE PUFFIN LAYS IN A BURROW OR CLEFT.

peewit) runs far before rising. She is well aware (some say it is unconscious, I scarcely agree) that her eggs are thus far safer without her than with her. There are, of course, a number of cases in which both bird and eggs are protectively coloured—curlew, whimbrel, redshank, ringed plover and woodcock. It is to be observed that several of these birds are only protectively coloured when motionless on the nest—no animal or bird, by the way, is ever concealed, no matter what his colouring, when he is in motion, nor is he ever machined for that; it would be useless and hopeless. One may also notice that the birds who lure one away from their nests by their antics—oyster-catcher, peewit, redshank, ringed plover and others—are generally conspicuous in flight. It is part of their stock in trade to draw of spicuous in flight. It is part of their stock in trade to draw off your attention from their eggs. Partridges and female teal, however, who both can play that game to perfection, are exceptions to that rule. Another rule to note is this, that in cases where the eggs are very well concealed and where the parent birds where the eggs are very well concealed and where the parent birds resort to these misleading tactics with their eggs—as with tern, ringed plover and peewit—they do precisely the same when the young birds are hatched. Thus the ringed plover, so often mentioned in this paper, if suddenly surprised (you have to be very sudden to surprise him), at once goes to a distance and, using a special call, makes the little birds crouch among the pebbles with their heads flat upon the ground. In that position they behave and look like stones till the danger is past. The whole subject is full of material, some of which can be understood—how delightful when it can !—and some which cannot be understood—how much more delightful! stood—how much more delightful!

But when all this is said we are still left with far more cult problems. We may indeed see in many cases, though difficult problems. not in all, why the eggs of a given species living in given surroundings are of given type and colour. But we are at present ignorant of the physical and mechanical laws within the bird itself by which those colours are produced. We had better begin by reminding ourselves that there is practically no doubt that the primary and primeval colour of all birds' eggs was pure white: We are in ignorance why and how certain birds secrete and deposit upon that white shell certain colours and patterns, while others, under apparently similar conditions of life and food, secrete and deposit them wholly different, or even not at all. The guillemot and the fulmar petrel at St. Kilda are next-door neighbours. They nest on the same cliffs under the same conditions of sky climate. They swim in the same sea and feed on the same One lays eggs of infinite variety and hue, the other lays a colourless egg. A fe have their colonies. colourless egg. A few yards away the puffin and the shearwater have their colonies. The former, contrary to strict naturalists' rule, though he lays in a cleft or a burrow, deposits a pearly or

buffish egg stained with pale violet or pinkish spots and blotches The shearwater, also using a burrow, with great propriety lays a white egg. How and why do these four birds produce these results? We no more know than we know why a Jersey cow and a Friesland, feeding on the same pasture, produce a different quality of milk. So far back as 1875 Mr. Sorby made chemical analyses to discover the nature of the pigment on the shells of birds' eggs. He found that the colours were insoluble. shells of birds' eggs. He found that the colours were insoluble in water but soluble in pure alcohol. Having obtained his solutions he submitted them to the spectroscope and found some seven different absorption bands as his result. Omitting the detail and boiling down the results, we learn from his experiments that the colouring matter is akin to hamoglobin (the colouring sessence of blood) and bilirubin and biliverdin (the colours of ssence of blood) and bilirubin and biliverdin (the colours chile): while the blue of birds' eggs is related to a colour found in fœcal matter. What we may say, passing from the language of science to the language of art, is that all the stains of birds' eggs are made up of very few pigments, a red-brown, a yellow and blue, which in various combinations and proportions on the whit ground of the shell are capable of giving us every hue which we find upon them. An artist will readily recognise this, though the statement might surprise him at first. But when we have realised this we are not a bit nearer understanding how and why realised this we are not a bit nearer understanding how and why the pigments are secreted or not secreted: how and why they are combined or laid on pure: how and by what mechanical or physical contrivances they are laid upon the pure white of the egg in the ovary of the bird. For that some such contrivance and set of contrivances must exist is surely an inevitable conclusion. There lie before me as I write an assemblage of forty-one guillemots' eggs—white, cream colour, sea green. sky blue, marked with blotches and spots and above all with intricate patterns of scribble-work. While here and there one has "under-painting," i.e., blotches showing that colour was deposited in an earlier stage in the ovary, the stronger pigment being deposited on the top of it by what a water-colour artist would call "superimposed washes." The view forces itself upon one that the very intricate patterns must be the result of some one that the very intricate patterns must be the result of some one that the very intricate patterns must be the result of some corresponding mechanism, possibly a mere roughening or contraction in the walls of the ovary. If we see a flowered muslin, a printed calico, a Japanese colour print, we argue that some kind of stamp has existed from which the colour has been transferred. The suspicion arises as we look at the eggs that some methods very remotely akin to these human technical processes will hereafter be realised by the biologist. If such exist, they must of course be very variable in mould and action even within one single bird and even from day to day in its life. Truly the naturalist has still some interesting problems in front of him.

G. S. DAVIES.

#### DAIRY THE SHOW

F all the agricultural shows the October Exhibition of Cows and Dairy Products is the most domestic; hence, perhaps, the reason of its growing popularity. The directors of the Show must change their personnel once in a while, but as a body they never lose the instinct of knowing exactly what the housewife likes in dairy produce and things akin to it. That would be a safe deduction if from nothing else than from the steady increase in the total number of entries. That for 1920 is a record in the history of the Show, the nearest approach to it having been made in 1913, and that was a long way behind. The total number of entries in 1913, and that was a long way belind. The total number of earlies in 1920 is 9,827, and in 1913 8,723, which is more than 1,000 behind. The increase has spread over the entire Show. There is not a single class which is not larger this year than it was last year, and though the increase in the small stock of the farm, such as poultry and pigeons, is large, that in cattle is in proportion. There are 384 entries in the cattle sections as compared with 292 last year. If we take the items of which the totals are made up we find that some very interesting changes have occurred. The shorthorn still holds its place as the most pail-filling of the breeds. Its popularity has increased with the new zeal for Shorthorn Society. There are no South Devons this year and no Ayrshires. It seems extraordinary that the latter, at any rate, should have gone so completely out of fashion. It used to be considered one of the most profitable and On the other hand, the British Friesian is coming economical cows. more and more to the front. It continues to be a good yielder, and the butter ratio of this cow has been very considerably raised by judicious breeding. Jerseys hold the same place that they have always done, and by accident or design the Friesians and the Jerseys were stalled in adjoining compartments. They made a very striking contrast. Some of the ten or twelve year old Jerseys looked small indeed, but as if every ounce of energy and every possible bit of flesh had been swallowed up in milking capacity. They are the aristocrats of their race, but they are not popular in commerce, simply because of their yield being very much less than that of the less patrician shorthorn and Friesian.

than that of the less patrician shortness. We have all Next to the cow in importance are dairy products. We have all learned to pay greater attention to this since the war. has indeed been severe. First of all there is the exceeding rise in price. Milk, for instance, has gone up in proportion far beyond that of any other food commodity. Roughly speaking, it is three times the price it was before the war, and not always to be obtained even for that. But there is no questioning the fact that the quality has been very much

improved. Dairy farmers have, in one way or another, been induced to give more attention than they used to give to cleanliness. There is plenty of room for improvement yet, but let us be thankful for the progress made. Farmers have been induced, by the higher prices, to take more pains with their cows, as well as over the matter of cleanliness. Milk records are kept to a far larger extent than used to be the case, and the purchaser of a cow is not content with knowing it to be a good milker; he wants to be assured that its dam and granddam were also good milkers, and that the sire came of a milking stock. This is a capital way of improving our herds. Much good has also been done by admitting to the herd book a cow that has the necessar milking qualifications. Many a shorthorn that was looked upon as cross, simply because it was not in the Herd Book, was really of that honour. Buyers are now keenly aware that the milk recor-is of the utmost importance when they are making purchases.

Considering how difficult it has been to obtain cheese, and the high prices, it is worth noting that the exhibits are the largest known in the history of the Society. The entries rose from 342 in 1919 to 462 in 192 The quality, as far as we could judge from inspection before the Sho Butter of excellent quality was shown, but not opened, is superb. large quantities. Whereas in 1905 the number of butter entries was 64 there are only 286 entries in this year's Show. It is notable that where cheese entries have grown steadily during the last fifteen years, button entries have been constantly growing fewer, except that occasionall as in 1908 and 1913, there was an increase.

Another part of the Show that fails to make progress is that conpetition for hams and bacon. There are only 34 exhibits as compared with 45 in 1915. There were none in 1919. If one were to judge by the eye alone it would be impossible to avoid believing that the pig population of this country is being increased enormously. Wherever one goes to a farm several litters are almost sure to be seen, and very often they are met with in roads and plantations from which they should be excluded. But the pig is a persevering animal and manages to get through a fence if there is a way at all. It may be that the greater popularity of feeding on grassland proves a deception to the eye. In old times it was only here and there that a farmer turned his pigs out to grass. As a rule, he kept the sow and her progeny carefully hidden away in some back part of the premises. Often, indeed, they were deported to some distant point of the farm, the object not being to hide them, but to escape any possible infection of swine fever. Thus was the pig modestly hidden away in the background. Now it is very much in the foreground indeed. But in spite of this explanation, one feels sure that more pigs are being kept; in fact, everybody in the country just now either has pigs or is thinking of keeping them because they are the most remunerative of farm stock. But the movement evidently has not reached the exhibiting public because, as we have said, only 34 entries of hams and bacon have been made in this Show. One would think that a stimulus to this exhibition needs no seeking, since the prices charged for good bacon is, at the present moment, from 4s. to 4s. 6d. a pound—which ought to be encouraging to pig-keepers. It is certainly worth while for the keeper or fattener to seek a reputation for the best, and the only way to do that is by showing them in competition.

#### GARDEN THE

GETTING READY FOR PLANTING FRUIT TREES Varieties that should be more Freely Planted.

Varieties that should be more Freely Planted.

HESE notes are written during a visit to the famous fruit-growing nurseries in Nottinghamshire. At the time of writing (October 18th) the trees are still in green foliage; it needs only one sharp frost and a heavy rain to bring all the leaves of plums, apples and pears to earth. Within comparatively few miles of this spot three of the finest cooking apples of the whole world have been raised, viz., Bramley's Seedling of Southwell; Newton Wonder, sent out from Lowdham and raised just over the Derbyshire border; and that very excellent apple Annie Elizabeth, from Leicester. All three of these varieties do exceptionally well on stiff, heavy soil, and they are among the three best keepers in commerce; indeed, they are excellent dessert apples from April onwards, and we have known Annie Elizabeth to keep till September, when the new crop is ripening. We are now on the threshold of the planting season, and trees are practically ready for lifting; but stocks are shorter now than they have been for years, and it is advisable to place orders with nurserymen early, as they may have sold out of the best trees and varieties if orders are deferred until late in the season.

Time for Planting.—This may be done any time from now till the end of March, but in the writer's opinion, the best

varieties if orders are deferred until late in the season.

Time for Planting.—This may be done any time from now till the end of March, but in the writer's opinion the best month for planting is November. If planting cannot be completed by the end of next month it is better left over till February and March. In the dead of winter the roots are inactive and there is the greatest risk of damage by frost.

Tress on Arrival.—When the trees arrive, unpack and, if a large quantity, lay them in the soil at once and cover the roots. Should the trees arrive in a withered state, due to delay on rail, place them in a pond or any water for a few hours. If they arrive in a frost, do not unpack them; place each bundle of trees in a barn or shed, and cover with straw until the frost disappears. straw until the frost disappears.

Varieties that should be more Freely Planted.—The object of

this selection is to draw attention to some very excellent fruits that are too often overlooked at the planting season. Some of the varieties mentioned have been in cultivation many years,

of the varieties mentioned have been in cultivation many years, but are still comparatively little known.

Cooking Apples.—Of the best keeping varieties there is nothing to equal the three already mentioned, viz., Bramley's Seedling, Newton Wonder and Annie Elizabeth. The newer variety Edward VII is coming to the fore as a market apple. It is similar to Golden Noble, but a better bearer, and it is an excellent variety for regrafting old and unsatisfactory standard trees; that is to say, it quickly makes a young head on old shoulders. The fruits are large and keep well, but it cannot be compared to the three foregoing apples for cooking qualities. As an early culinary apple the Rev. W. Wilks is excellent. We know of no other apple that comes so quickly into bearing. The fruits are very large, creamy yellow in colour, and so free that trees planted now would, under normal conditions, bear well next year.

Dessert Apples.—One of the finest apples of recent intro-

well next year.

Dessert Apples.—One of the finest apples of recent introduction is unquestionably Ellison's Orange. It has been admirably shown during the last few years at the fruit exhibitions of the Royal Horticultural Society. In the opinion of some of our leading apple experts it is second only to Cox's Orange Pippin in flavour, but it is a larger fruit and even better in colour than the favourite. It is very fertile and vigorous, and is in season during October and November. This is an apple that pleases everyone. Another apple of similar quality, though somewhat earlier and smaller, is St. Everard—virtually an early Cox's Orange Pippin—a yellow fleshed apple, crisp, juicy and aromatic. Sooner or later this variety will find its way into every garden worthy of the name in the country; so far, the supply is not equal to the demand. James Grieve is another early dessert apple that can strongly be recommended. In The Garden Apple Audit of last year it was placed third among the best flavoured apples in cultivation, the other two being Cox's Orange Pippin and Ribston Pippin. If other early dessert apples are required we recommend Langley Pippin and Miller's Seedling; the writer has been familiar with the latter for over twenty years. It was raised at Newbury and is widely planted in the Berkshire orchards, but is comparatively little known

Seedling; the writer has been familiar with the latter for over twenty years. It was raised at Newbury and is widely planted in the Berkshire orchards, but is comparatively little known in other counties. It is a creamy yellow apple, flushed bright crimson; very sweet and juicy, and in season in August.

Dessert Pears.—We so often hear complaints about pear trees growing vigorously and bearing no fruit. In these circumstances the trees should be root pruned or lifted in the early autumn. There is an old variety, named Thompson's, all too often overlooked. It is second only to Doyenné du

Comice in flavour, and is in season during October and November. Those who are on the look out for a late keeping dessert pear should try Santa Claus, a large brown russet pear with melting

should try Santa Claus, a large brown russet pear with melting flesh, the delicious fruits of which are in season at Christmas. Plums, Damsons and Bullaces.— For jam-making there are few, if any, plums to equal Black Diamond; its very large black fruits are preferred to all other plums in the kitchen. It is a thousand pities that the old green gage is dropping out of cultivation. There is nothing to approach it for flavour, but it is so shy bearing, and few are disposed to wait five or six years for, at the most, a moderate crop of its luscious fruits. Like Coe's Golden Drop and Jefferson, the green gage does best on a wall. Of damsons there is nothing to equal the Merryweather. It is as vigorous as a Victoria plum and commences to fruit as soon as the tree is two or three years old. The fruits are as large as plums, with the true damson flavour. It is a to fruit as soon as the tree is two or three years old. The fruits are as large as plums, with the true damson flavour. It is a sure cropper, and for bottling it is all that could be desired. So many damsons are more than half stones—not so the Merryweather, the fruits of which, by virtue of their size, could easily be mistaken for plums. Bullace plums are not sufficiently grown—they extend the plum season well into the autumn and do well as hedgerow trees, or as a protection to the orchard on its bleakest side. The Langley is the pick of the bullaces, though it is sometimes a few years before it comes. though it is sometimes a few years before it comes bullaces. into full bearing.

#### SPIRÆA DISCOLOR.

To see this handsome shrubby spiræa at its best it should be grown, as in the gardens at Pen Moel, Chepstow, as an isolated specimen with a dark green background of arbutus, holly and other evergreen shrubs. This plant—by no means uncommon in gardens under the name of S. ariæfolie—forms a dense bush of the lastic of state and the lastic of state of the lastic of state of the lastic of state of the lastic of the thinned out to encourage new growth from the base of the plant.



AN ISOLATED SPECIMEN OF SPIRÆA DISCOLOR AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF ARBUTUS AND HOLLY IN THE GARDENS AT PEN MOEL, CHEPSTOW.



HE Foundling Hospital obtained its Charter in 1739.

The projector of the scheme was Captain Coram, born at Lyme Regis about the year 1668, master of a trading vessel for many years plying between England and Virginia. At the age of twenty-five he started business in Boston, Massachusetts, as a shipwright, and, on giving up his sea-faring life, still carried

on a shipping business in London and amassed wealth. The idea of the Hospital came to him when he resided at Rotherhithe about 1720. In his journeys to and from the City he often saw the bodies of dead babies murdered or ruthlessly abandoned. Obtaining the assistance of many influential ladies he petitioned the King, and, after much discouragement, a Charter of Incorporation was granted in 1739. The Hospital began its work in a

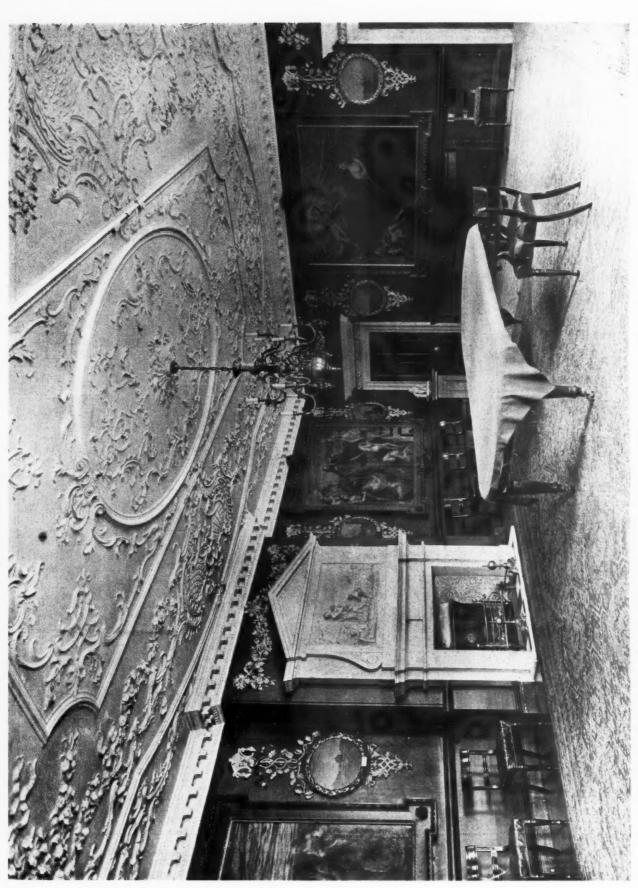
began its work in a building hired for the purpose opposite the existing Charity Schools in Hatton Hatton Garden. Advertisements were then in-serted in the Press with a view to pur-chasing a suitable site on which to erect a large Hospital. Several sites were offered, and the Governors eventually decided to purchase, far removed from town, in Bloomsbury Fields, four fields containing some 56 acres, near Southampton Row, from the Earl of Salisbury (he would not sell less), at a sum of £7,000, £500 of which Lord Salisbury subsequently returned as a donation to the Charity.

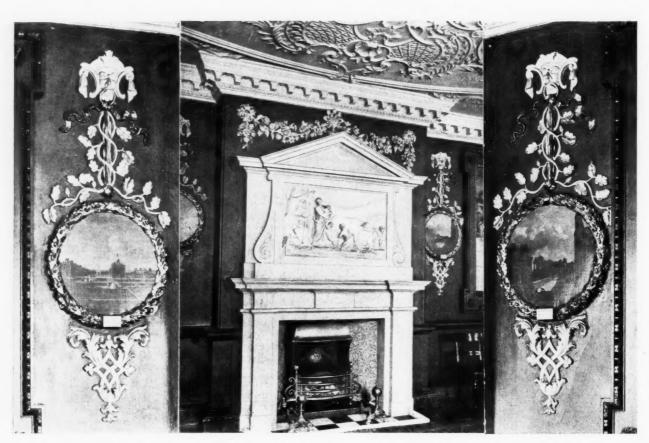
In June, the Committee of the Hospital considered sets of plans which had been submitted by four architects, and those of Theodorc Jacobsen were aecepted. The foundation stone of the Hospital was laid on September 16th, 1742, by Mr. John Milner, a vice president. There does not appear to have been any fixed contract for the erection of the buildings, but bricks and other materials were purchased as the building progressed.
A fine portrait of the architect, Theodore Jacobsen, who is known principally in connection with the connection with the Steel Yard, of which he was a member, hangs in the Picture Gallery of the Hospital and is



I .- STATUE OF CAPTAIN CORAM BY W. CALDER MARSHALL. R.A., ON SOUTH FRONT.







3.—CHELSEA HOSPITAL. Haytley.

4.—CHIMNEYPIECE BY RYSBRACK IN THE COURT ROOM.

5.—CHARTERHOUSE. Gainsborough.

reproduced on page 539. Jacobsen was also the architect of the Royal Hospital at Gosport. He was a fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies and member of the Arts and Sciences. He died in May, 1772, and was buried in Allhallows Church, Thames Street.

It will be seen from the engraving on page 540 that when the Hospital was erected it stood in the country in the middle of Bloomsbury Fields, with cattle pastured thereon. The buildings are of a substantial nature, the cellars and many of the rooms on the ground floor having vaulted roofs with walls



6.—THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL. G. R. Wilson, R.A.



7.—ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.
S. Wale, R.A.,
OLD LONDON PICTURES IN THE COURT ROOM.

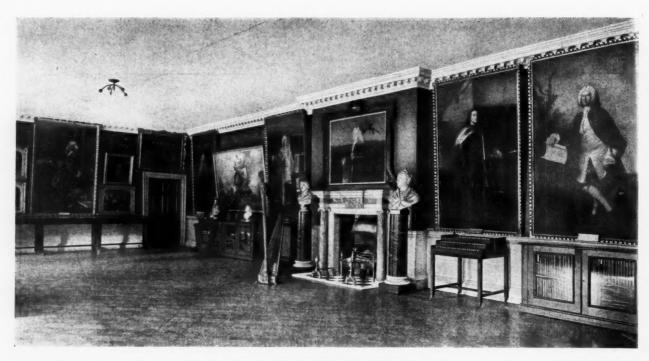


8.—christ's hospital. S. Wale, R.A.





Convrient.



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10.—THE PICTURE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"

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2ft. to 3tt. in thickness. The walls are of yellow brick, burnt on the adjoining property, with Portland stone stringings. The buildings are exceedingly well placed and of fine proportion. The grounds enclosed within the walls of the Hospital extend to some nine and a quarter acres. The Hospital itself is erected about the centre of this enclosed space, with an extensive courtyard to the south. This court is bounded with open colonnades on its western and eastern sides, and opens by gates on the south into Guilford Street. The colonnades were originally built as rope walks, and it was here that the children

in early days spent the greater portion of their time engaged in spinning twine and making nets, while the grounds of the Hospital were the popular haunt of society, who watched the children at work. The buildings form three sides of a square, and the sides of the figure thus formed point toward the south, and the whole may, therefore, be considered as constituting the western and eastern wings and centre. The western wing was first built; this was commenced on September 16th, 1742, and was completed in October, 1745, and the buildings constituting the present Hospital appear to have been finished about 1752. The western wing contains four dormitories for boys, and the eastern four for girls, and, generally, the western can be said to be appropriated for the former and the eastern for the latter. Both the wings and the centre block the contain capacious cellars. Very slight alteration has been made in the buildings since they were originally erected: the Chapel, which was de-tached, has, however, been extended to join up on either wing. This work was carried out under the direction of George Dance, the younger. Separate buildings for an infirmary and swimming bath have also been erected at the back of the site; these were built under the direction of the late Mr. Henry Currey, architect

of St. Thomas's Hospital; and several class rooms have also been added recently, under the supervision of the present surveyor of the Foundling Hospital, Mr. John B. Chubb.

The buildings contain some very beautiful rooms, those on the western wing, comprising the court room, picture gallery and Secretary's office, being particularly impressive.

At the commencement of the Charity a resolution was passed by the Governors that no money should be expended on decoration or ornamentation of the buildings, but the

Hospital was particularly fortunate in those days in numbering among its governors many who were skilled in art. establishment of the Foundling Hospital appealed at once to national sympathy, and many men of art and letters were associated with its work. Sir Robert Strange, in his "Enquiry into the Rise and Establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts," states that the donations in painting, which several artists made to the Foundling Hospital, were among the first objects of this nature which had engaged the attention of the public. artists, observing the effects that those paintings produced came, in the year 1760, to a resolution to try the fate of an exhibition of their works. Thus the exhibition of the pictures at the Foundling Hospital led to the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768. Among those who cooperated in forwarding the Charity was the painter William Hogarth, who did no hold his appointment to merely nominal, for we find him subscribing money and attending the courts and general meetings of the Hospital. In May, 1740, Hogarth presented to the Hospital the full-length portrait of Captain Coram, on which Hogarth, writing of himself some years later, says: "The portrait which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I



11.—HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN CORAM, THE FOUNDER OF THE HOSPITAL.



12.—THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH.
Sir Joshua Reynolds.

particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital, and if I am so wretched an artist as my enemies assert, it is somewhat strange that this, which was one of the first I

which was one of the first I painted the size of life, should stand the test of twenty years competition." Hogarth also painted the shield which was put over the door of the Hospital when in Hatton Garden with the arms which he had designed, and other pictures at the Hospital.

ne had designed, and other pictures at the Hospital.

At a court of governors on December 31st, 1746, Hogarth and Rysbrack, the sculptor whose work is seen in the handsome chimneypiece in the court room of the Hospital, being present as governors of the Hospital, the treasurer acquainted the meeting that the following gentlemen had severally presented, and agreed to present, performances in their different professions for ornamenting the Hospital, viz.: Mr. Francis Hayman, Mr. James Wills, Mr. Joseph Highmore, Mr. Thomas Hudson, Mr. Allan Ramsay, Mr. George Lambert, Mr. Samuel Scott, Mr. Peter Monamy, Mr. Richard Wilson, Mr. Samuel Whale, Mr. Edward Hately, Mr. Thomas Carter, Mr. George Moser, Mr. Rober Taylor and Mr.



13.—THEODORE JACOBSEN, ARCHITECT OF THE ROYAL FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

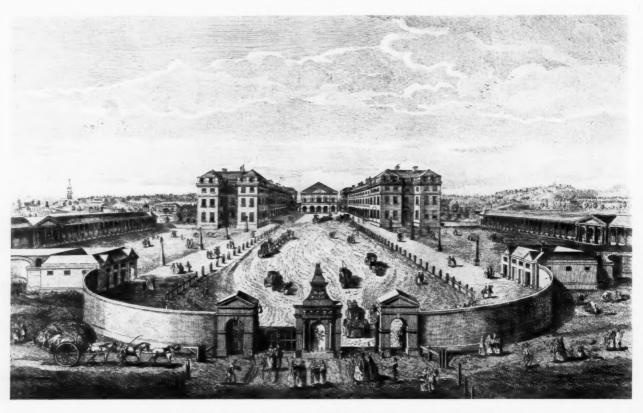
John Pyne, whereupon all of them were elected Governors. The panel in the centre of the chimneypiece in the court room shown on page 536 is by Rysbrack, the moulding and setting of the mantelpiece

by Rysbrack, the moulding and setting of the mantelpiece having been carried out by Devall, who appears to have undertaken the whole of the stonework of the Hospital. The statue of Captain Coram over the entrance gates in Guilford Street was executed by William Calder Marshall, R.A., and erected in 1853, previous to which the centre of the pedestal was surmounted by a conical stone. As will be seen in the illustration on page 540, the front wall and entrance gates of the Hospital were in semicircular form, subsequently set back for the laying out of Guilford Street.

The Chapel of the Hospital was built in 1749 and, as will be seen from the illustrations in last week's issue, is a fine Georgian interior with galleries around, the eastern end having been added subsequently. The organ in the western gallery was presented by Handel, who was present at its opening and subsequently gave many performances of the "Messiah" for the benefit of the Charity. The pulpit, reading desk and clerk's desk were originally



14.--HOGARTH'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.



15.—THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL FROM AN ENGRAVING DATED 1756.

a three decker, the pulpit being considerably higher than at present. There is some fine stained glass in the windows, and the ironwork around the altar, which originally enclosed some pews, is an example of good workmanship.

The Hospital owns some very exceptional pictures, the finest being those by Hogarth of the portrait of Captain Coram and of the march of the Guards to Finchley. The following is the story of how the latter came into the possession of the Hospital: At a Court of Governors on May 9th, 1750, Hogarth being present, the treasurer acquainted the General Court that

Mr. Hogarth had presented the Hospital with the remainder of the tickets Mr. Hogarth had left, for the chance of the picture he had painted, of "The March to Finchley," in the time of the late rebellion, and that the fortunate number for the said picture being among those tickets, the Hospital had received the said picture. There is another fine painting by Hogarth at the north end of the Court Room, depicting "Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter." This was painted expressly for the Hospital, and appears to have originated in a conjoint agreement between Hayman, Highmore, Wills and himself, that they



16.—A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL WITH EMBLEMATIC FIGURES.

should each fill up one of the compartments of the Court Room

with pictures of uniform size, which they did.

There are some particularly interesting circular panels on the walls of the Court Room, five of which are reproduced on page 536, depicting Greenwich Hospital, Christ's Hospital, St. Thomas's Hospital, by Samuel Wale, R.A., Chelsea and Bethlem Hospitals by Haytley, and the Charter House by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., St. George's Hospital and the Foundling Hospital, by G. R. Wilson, R.A. The ceilings and walls are much enriched and, although somewhat elaborate, are not too heavy for the size of the room. The work was executed by Wilton, father of the famous sculptor.

Of the pictures in the gallery we reproduce the Hogarth picture of Captain Coram, and a portrait of the Earl of Dartmouth, a vice-president of the Hospital, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. At the south end of the Picture Gallery is a cartoon of the Murder of the Innocents, executed by Raffael at the order of Leo X. This cartoon came into possession of the Hospital by the conditional bequest of Mr. Prince Hoare, it having previously been offered to the Royal Academy at a price of £2,000 and to the directors of the National Gallery at

The chapel, art galleries, and dining-rooms of the Hospital well worth a visit. The public are admitted to the morning are well worth a visit. service at 11 on Sundays, and afterwards are permitted to see the children at dinner and to visit the galleries. service-time the children occupy the west end of the chapel, and it is noteworthy that the distribution of so large a portion of the congregation in the galleries does not cause the dis-figarement which is often so noticeable in arrangements of this nature.

In spite of the fact that the situation of the Hospital is extremely healthy, there is no doubt that the 400 children housed therein would be much happier and better in the country; at the same time, buildings of such fine proportion and beauty and hallowed by so many associations are worthy of a better fate than that of the housebreaker. If the London University are really seeking a site in a central position within easy reach of all sections of the public and where they could obtain the quietude necessary for examination and study, no finer site in London could be found than that of the Foundling Hospital. The money expended on its purchase would be doubly blessed, securing at the time not only a splendid



17.-HOGARTH'S PICTURE OF THE MARCH OF THE GUARDS TO FINCHLEY.

£4,000. Both of them having declined, it reverted to the Foundling Hospital. There are many more portraits in the gallery, and many articles of interest may be mentioned, including the china punch bowl belonging to Hogarth and two cases containing tokens which were attached to children during the period of indiscriminate admission between the years 1741. the period of indiscriminate admission between the years 1741

and 1756. Hogarth's unwearying interest in the Foundling Hospital is one of the many bright spots in his character and history. He was a faithful and true friend from beginning to end. The portrait of himself and his dog Trump, which we reproduce, is the well known one in the possession of the National Gallery.

Last week was shown a portion of the secretary's room, with overmantel, stated to be designed by Hogarth, and landscape by George Lambert, 1757. There is also a very large sea-piece by Brooking and a Jacobean table, which was recently discovered in the Hospital kitchen.

The Hospital possesses many relics of Handel, including a fair score of his oratorio "Messiah," which he bequeathed to the Hospital by his will.

central home for the University of London, but also fresh air and surroundings for 400 children. As the Governors would require premises in London for offices for the management of their estates, the pictures could remain in London and the public would not lose the opportunity of seeing

The architectural aspect of the matter is of scarcely less interest than the institutional considerations. Everyone who has an affection for the old buildings of London would deeply regret the demolition of the Foundling Hospital, yet this must inevitably occur in the ordinary course of affairs. far too valuable to continue indefinitely to be occupied for its present purpose. Therefore, from every point of view it seems to us conclusive that an ideal opportunity here occurs for the University of London, which could thus secure for itself most admirable accommodation in buildings convenient of access from all parts; and this new use of the Foundling Hospital buildings would preserve for long years to come a fine example of Georgian work which is part of the architectural heritage of

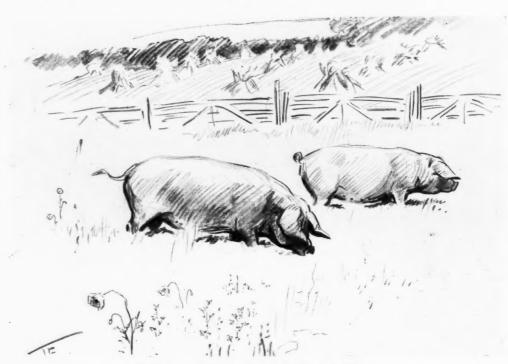
# PIGS IN THE OPEN

N early times semiferal pigs wandered
through the forests
of Great Britain,
attended by swineherds nearly as wild
as their charges. With
the enclosing of lands
this system died a
natural death, although
the custom of turning
out pigs in the New
Forest for the acorn
harvest (called "pannage") has survived
until the present day.
Whether or not the
system of feeding pigs
in woodlands and waste
ground, which has been
so much advocated on
account of its success,
can be improved on
remains to be seen.
The amount of food
found by pigs in woods,
apart from the acorn
harvest, is limited, and
therefore must be
greatly a ugmented,
which means considerable expense in the
purchase of foodstuffs.
Much labour is involved
by artificial feeding
which increases the

which increases the weekly wages account to a considerable extent, and the present-day cost of labour makes it imperative for the farmer to reduce this item to the minimum. It is also questionable whether the valuable manure produced by the pigs might not be better utilised than in woodlands and common lands.

common lands.

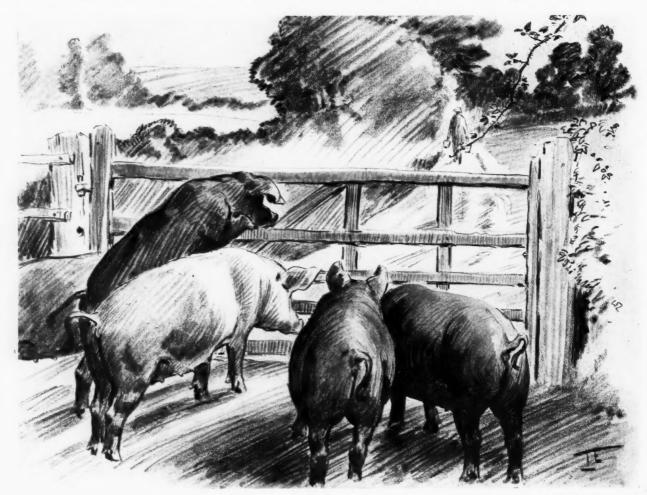
Personally, my feeling with regard to pigs is very much that of a cottager who once remarked to me, "Pigs! They'm



PIGS IN CLOVER OR RATHER VETCHES.

The fold system of feeding off crops.

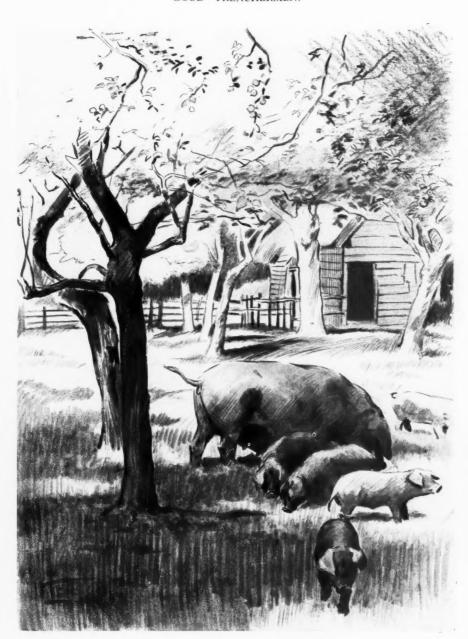
too speckilative for I! Never knaws if they be muck or money!" In other words, I do not set up to be an expert. But this notwithstanding, perhaps there may be some interest in a few notes resulting from a visit to a herd in Devon (the Woodslea herd of pedigree Large Blacks at Bramford Speke, near Exeter) which is fed on a different principle from that mentioned above. This herd has only recently been established, but it is probably one of the most up to date pig farms in the



TEA TIME.



GOOD TRENCHERMEN.



IN A DEVON CIDER ORCHARD.

country, and has been stocked at great expense with the best blood obtainable.

The Woodslea herd, instead of running over waste land and wood-lands, is maintained entirely on the richest pastures of glorious Devon, in crops of lucerne, rape, clover or roots; and the pigs are also turned out to glean up the stubbles after out to glean up the stubbles after the harvest or are run on the fallows to manure the land before tilling the corn. In every field is to be found a shed or rough shelter of faggets with a thatched roof and boarded floor to which the pigs can resort at night or in bad weather, resort at hight or in bad weather, but the pigs do not seem to mind the weather and are to be seen grazing like sheep, wet or fine. This system is, in fact, similar to sheep farming on arable land where the folding of large numbers of animals on crops richly manures the ground and thereby saves much labour, and expense in buying labour and expense in buying artificial manures and in carting and spreading manures on to the land. I may mention that the land. I may mention that the open-air system of pig-keeping is greatly simplified in Devon, as the fields are all divided by banks, so that no special and expensive fencing is required to keep the pigs in bounds, as would be the case in a country which was weakly fenced. The advantages claimed for this open-air system are:

are:
(1) That pigs so reared are healthy, free from tubercular and other diseases to which the stybred pig is only too prone, and that the pork or bacon so produced is therefore fit for human consumption. tion.

(2) The pigs find a large part of their food and, consequently, only a small amount of extra food is necessary to maintain them in good condition.

(3) The manure which they produce and distribute over the ground saves the purchase of much very expensive artificial manure and the labour of carting it. Pig manure is the best manure obtainable and will enrich the ground able, and will enrich the ground

able, and will enrich the ground better than anything else.

(4) Little labour is necessary and no skilled labour is required.

The disadvantage of the sys-tem, if it can be called a disadvan-tage, is that it tends to confine the tage, is that it tends to confine the keeping and breeding of pigs to the farmer and landowner and to eliminate the cottager's pig. In the eliminate the cottager's pig. In the interest of the health of the community it is well that Rural Councils are condemning the filthy sties in which pigs under the old system were maintained, but the elimination of the cottager's pig might be thought to cause a considerable diminution of the number of pigs in the country and thus of pigs in the country and thus tend to keep up the price of pork and bacon. Recent statistics show, however, that the number of breedhowever, that the number of breeding sows kept in the country is largely increasing, due probably to the popularity of the openair system of pig-keeping, and consequently there is little fear of any increase in the price of homegrown produce. Prices may, and no doubt will, drop, but they will have to fall a lot before it becomes unprofitable to breed pigs.

breed pigs.

The breeder of pedigree stock The breeder of pedigree stock claims that the pedigree animal grows and fattens quicker and on a less amount of food than the non-pedigree pig. But to breed pedigree stock for sale

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ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE.

for breeding purposes not only necessitates considerable outlay in the purchase of the foundation stock, but it also means waiting and keeping the produce until the right market can be found for it. It is hardly worth while, for instance, to pay 100 guineas for a fine pedigree sow and then to sell her young pigs, when weaned, at ordinary market prices. Although pigs can find a large proportion of their food in the fields they still have to be hand fed, especially sows with young pigs, and pig food is not to be had under about £15 per ton. If pigs are bred only for sale in the market as slip pigs, or are fattened for pork

or bacon, it is unnecessary to buy pedigree sows, as there are plenty of good sows to be had which, if mated to a good pedigree boar, will produce what is required.

plenty of good sows to be had which, if mated to a good peutgree boar, will produce what is required.

The breeder of pedigree stock will probably have no good word for what he calls the mongrel pig, but plenty of so-called common sows are obtainable which compare favourably as regards shape and size with all but the best pedigree stock, and the butcher will give the best market price for the cross-bred pig, especially the first cross pig, as, like all other mongrels, it is generally healthy and grows quickly.

Putting aside the question of profit, it will be found that the breeding of pedigree pigs is a highly interesting occupation, and one which is being largely taken up even by men who are not farmers but who own or occupy sufficient land for the purpose. Careful selection and breeding only from the best soon results in the establish ment of a herd which will do its

ment of a herd which will do its owner credit, for pigs multiply

owner credit, for pigs multiply quickly.

Pigs are much more intelligent animals than people generally give them credit for being, and it pays the pigkeeper to treat them well. Although you cannot well "drive" a pig, good treatment will be found to be the most effectual method of getting them from place to place, as most effectual method of getting them from place to place, as they will follow their keeper about like dogs. They can easily be trained to come to the horn like a pack of hounds.

Those who are interested in the subject of pig-breeding or the contemplating starting of the subject of pig-breeding or contemplating starting.

are contemplating starting herd cannot do better than to see for themselves how things are done on some up to date farm such as the one in the West Country above referred to.

ANISEED.



THE BLACK VENUS. A typical pedigree Large Black, Brent Souvenir XIV.

# M. CLEMENCEAU'S SHORT STORIES

Surprises of Life, by Georges Clemenceau.

ANY of the short stories included among these Surprises recall Thomas Hardy in that series of books of which "Life's Little Ironies" is a typical example. There are some likenesses and many disciplinations of the transfer similarities between the two writers. The chief difference is that one is English and the other French. They see life very much in the same way. They have had almost identical experiences of rustic manners and they both relish an ironical handling. But the French mind differs from an ironical handling. But the French mind differs from the English mind, and his animus against religion and its priests is sharper and more pronounced.

The first story in the volume is also the best, because of its ary qualities. It has humour and suavity, and the points are literary qualities. made neatly and cleanly-all of which may be considered very generous criticism when it is remembered that in this story the wit of M. Clemenceau is directed towards an exposure of English hypocrisy. That, however, will be readily discounted as a misunderstanding which the French find too delightful to eradicate. The hero of the story is so delightfully drawn that one regrets that, instead of being polished off in a few pages, he was not carried through a whole book of adventures. Mokoubamba, who, among other things, was a weaver of mats, mender of all things breakable, teller of tales and entertainer of the sser-by, has possibilities that are not exhausted in the story his Fetish. He was an old negro from the coast of Guinea, of his Fetish. very black of skin, wholly white of hair, with great velvety "very black of skin, wholly white of hair, with great velvety black eyes and the jaws of a crocodile whence issued childlike laughter." It was his boast that "Mokoubamba knows the whole earth." "Mokoubamba knows everything that man can know." He began his career by being minister to the great King Matori in a country indicated as "Down there—down there—beyond the Niger." But Matori, having been persuaded that his minister's fetish was stronger than his own, sold him to an English trader. He needed carriers for his sold him to an English trader. He needed carriers for his ivory. He tells:

In time we arrived among the English—I was not a slave. Oh, no! but I had been "engaged," and in order that I might better fulfil my "engagement" they fastened me, with many others, to the wall of a courtyard, with an iron chain.

Among other things that his new master taught him was that he ought to overcome the demon of pride. This master was the Rev. Ebenezer Jones, who told him beautiful tales full of marvels and always ended with the question, "Dost thou believe?" The travels of Mokoubamba with his saintly owner are described with brevity and high spirits. All went well till in London he was "accosted by a big devil of an Irish priest who had heard of my religious zeal." The reader may be left to find how he discovered that his fetish and that of the minister were one and the same, that his fetish was Mokoubamba

Thus spake Mokoubamba, reseater of rush-bottomed chairs in Passy, mender of all things breakable, entertainer of the passer-by, teller of fanciful tales.

The story is so cleverly told that one does not trouble about the view it expresses.

The second story is a satire on the Roman Catholic religion, the two characters being an atheistic doctor and his friend, a learned abbé. It is a wild, impish tale connected with death and burial and the means whereby the infidel doctor, by the terms of his will, caused his burial to take place with the pomps

and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church.

The third tale is called "Malus Vicinus." This is almost the strongest of the stories because of the masterly way in which the author brings out one of the most melancholy circumstances of life. The title is from a tombstone: "Malus Vicinus est grande malum"—a bad neighbour is a great evil. The story, as may be guessed, deals with the small quarrels of an out-of-the-way village. The author says:

Trespassing in a pasture, the use of a well, a right-of-way, the branch of a tree reaching beyond a line, a hedge encroaching upon a ditch, result in quarrels, lawsuits, and dissensions in families, the importance of which is no less to the small townspeople, than was to Verona the feud between Capulets and Montagues.

The writer is supposed to have come upon an old manuscript copybook, a little notebook that had been begun at both ends, accounts at the front and notes at the back of the volume.
"Aunt Rosalie's Inheritance" is another biting study on

the irony of life. Aunt Rosalie wins regard and respect of her neighbours by devising large sums to charities and good works-a hundred and fifty thousand francs here, two hundred thousand francs there, with a large bequest to the curé and the notary and other friends. This had gone on for about thirty

years, when Aunt Rosalie was carried off by inflammation of She was one of those who are ever receiving but never give. Even the poor only got promises for the future, and her close-fisted avarice was held to be the surest guarantee that the hoard would be enormous. Whether that was true or not her old servant Victorine made it impossible to be known.

When the dead woman was cold, Victorine, who was alone with her in the middle of the night, ran to the box of documents, muttering over and over, in an access of positive madness, "No one will get anything, no one will get anything!" and threw the box into the fire.

As she stood poking the bundle to make it kindle, a flame caught her petticoats. The wretched creature was burned alive, without a soul to bring her help.

soul to bring her help.

So much for the vanity of human wishes. But it is the foolish, gullible, inconstant crowd who come in for the satire.

"Poor dear Aunt!" each of them added mentally. "So rich, so kindly disposed toward us! And that beast of a servant had to go

As a sort of protest against the Bretauds, Aunt Rosalie was provided by subscription with a beautiful white marble gravestone, while the charred remains of Victorine, thrust in a despised corner of the cemetery,

were consigned to public contempt. Such is the world's justice.

"Simon, Son of Simon" is an elaborate burlesque of the Jewish faith in money. Simon takes to buying lottery tickets and hits upon what he thinks is a novel and original idea, no less than that of bribing God.

"Can any other Jew have promised a hundred thousand florins to the Eternal?" uttered Simon, son of Simon, sententiously. "No! I am the only one capable of such a stroke of business as that!"

To tell the sequel would be to spoil the reader's surprise at a piece of audacious irreverence that could owe its begetting only to characteristically French wit.

Quite different is the story of the poacher, called "Better in Stealing." This is taken direct from the view of human Than Stealing." nature and shows that the Tiger is thoroughly familiar with the byways of country life. "Flower o' the Wheat" is a tale of the "Everyman" description. Her face in summer like a handful of flour and bran, or, without the metaphor, a mill—white skin with freckles. She is introduced frolicking with a child of six. The village to which she belongs is famous for a cake called échaudé, a cake made of flour and eggs, very delectable when fresh from the oven. In modern parlance, she falls a victim to her master, who is a merchant of these cakes, and is married to him after she has given "two unequivocal proofs of her aptitude for the joys as well as duties of maternity.' She was fortunate inasmuch as her husband beat her only on Sundays after Vespers, when he had been drinking too much. Then she is made visible again after a long period, when fortune had come to her and she was fighting her sons who demanded allowances. In ten years more she is seen, when she is no longer called the Flower o' the Wheat but "Barbotte," from her husband's name, "Barbot." Now she is only—

the remnants of an old mantle, the shaking head of an aged woman, with a dried-up, shrivelled parchment face.

Her pathetic question is, "Dear sir, you who know everything, can you tell me why we come into this world?" It is a question that has been asked since Job in his lamentation said that man was made to mourn.

The Granite Hills, by C. E. Heanley. (Chapman and Hall, 78, 6d.)

"THE GRANITE HILLS," a first novel, is distinguished by a quality in the highest degree uncommon to first novels—an easy naturalness. The characters and the dialogue are natural; there is a forthright directness about the narrative; and the whole spirit of the book is a sort of sublimated common-sense that produces the happiest results. There is nothing in the least new about the plot; Cornish scenery, discontented young women, loutish yokels and philandering novelists come out of the general stock-pot of fiction; and yet we constantly feel a sense of surprise and entertainment, because these ingredients of a thousand novels are not worked up into any of the dishes of romance or melodrama to which literary precedent has accustomed us. It is almost as if C. E. Heanley had never read a novel before writing one, and this illusion is only intensified by the fact that now and then "The Granite Hills" is more like the traditional stock novel than any stock novelist would now dare to be. For instance, who that did not want to antagonise every possible publisher's reader would dream of beginning a novel with such a sentence as, "The last rays of the setting sun poured a mellow light on the grey stone floor and cast sharp shadows on the whitewashed walls of the room in which a man and woman sat talking"? Yet the author of this book lightly imperils an original whole with this most hackneyed initial part; and the same easy indifference or unconsciousness is exhibited all through the book with regard to such literary trifles as punctuation, split infinitives and meticulous accuracies

of construction. Nothing ever smelt less of the lamp than "The Granite Hills"; nevertheless, the book "gets there," for, these things apart, it has qualities that are both stirring and striking. Humour pervades it; sentimentality is gloriously absent from it; modern thought (particularly modern feminine thought) brings the book to a close on a refreshingly novel note. The last chapter is a piece of delightful comedy; it would be unfair to give that comedy away by quotation, but it may be said that to have contrived a situation which is not "a happy ending" in the accepted sense, and yet convinces the reader that he is leaving the heroine undoubtedly happy, is a real achievement and promises well for the author's future work.

#### IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Dead Letters, by Maurice Baring. (Secker, 3s. 6d..)

MR. BARING has written a book for the odd moments of a cultivated reader. His imaginary letters range from the Siege of Troy to the Czar's visit to Cowes in 1907. One doubts if the author would have written them differently had he waited until after the war instead of composing them many years before it. His aim is to show how some of the great tragedies and comedies of the world would look if translated into the language of contemporary life. The attention of the reader is held with great skill throughout, as in each case the dramatic or intensely interesting point is reduced to a fine simplicity. We admire the feat, though the excessively modern phrases grate a little on the ear. Perhaps the best comes first. It is a series of letters written during the Siege of Troy, most of them from Clytæmnestra to Aegisthus. She who is best remembered for the murder of Agamemnon figures here as a fashionable lady whose remarks on her guests might be taken from the post-bag of the moment. We are told that "Helen always has flirted with rather vulgar men." Paris "dresses in an absurd way and he looks theatrical. Besides, I hate men with curly hair." Odysseus arrives with his wife, Penelope, who "has borrowed my only embroidery frame and is working some slippers for her husband," while her talk is "of nothing but her boy, her dog, her dairy and her garden." On the other hand, Helen, having run off with Paris to Troy, writes from thence that about Paris she made a fatal mistake. "He has become too dreadful now." She finds Hector "very nice, but painfully dull," and tells how "Achilles won't fight at all because Agamemnon insisted on taking away Briseis (who is very lovely) from him." Priam, when he comes in for the mid-day meal, always says, "Well, how's the little runaway to-day?"—a joke he seems to have made every day for ten years. And so it goes on till Agamemnon announces his return, and then, out of all this trifling, the voice of tragedy, unmistakable and arresting, Dead Letters, by Maurice Baring. (Secker, 3s.6d..)
MR. BARING has written a book for the odd moments of a cultivated suppressed excitement, the broken nerves, the wavering reason of the woman to whom her husband had said a little while before "Bring forth men-children only; For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males." The book is one that may be opened at random with the certainty of finding something about those characters of history or fiction which have been our familiars from youth upward. Turning over the leaves we come to the correspondence about the Camelot Jousts, the first letter, one from Guinevere to her "dearest Arthur." It ends with the news that "Vivi the cat (I christened her after dear Vivien) caught a mouse yesterday"; while King Arthur's reply to his "dearest Guinevere" savours equally of matrimonial placidity, "Please wrap up well when you go out." Lancelot, of course, comes in and so does Iseult of Cornwall, with a malicious bit of title-tattle, "By the way, is it true that Sir Lancelot is engaged to Elaine, the daughter of the Lord of Astolat?" This in a letter to Guinevere, in answer to one which had an equally seeming innocent but cutting reference to "Iseult the Lily-handed" who is described as "a dream of beauty." Mr. Baring has not carried this story further than the lovers' quarrel between Guinevere and Lancelot to which this gave rise. The letters on which we have commented are not selected as the best but as specimens from a book every line of which is interesting.

REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.
The Mirrors of Downing Street: Some Political Reflections. (Mills and Boon, 5s.)
THE anonymous author of this book, which deals with the change in

(Mills and Boon, 5s.)

THE anonymous author of this book, which deals with the change in political reputations produced by the war, calls himself "A Gentleman With a Duster," and in his introduction claims that "My duster is honest cotton; the hand that holds it is at least clean," and that he writes solely in the public interest. In a rather complicated metaphor he says, "the worst of all hindrances to true vision is breathed on the mirrors by those self-regarding public men in whom principle is crumbling and moral earnestness is beginning to moulder." It, of course, was bound to follow that the leading characters in the greatest drama of the world should be subjected to keen scrutiny. So the book is being widely read and universally discussed. It would seem that the writer had held some office in connection with the Ministry of Munitions, as he was entrusted with various messages to Mr. Lloyd George, and describes the Prime Minister very much at home indeed. We may assume him to be somebody of importance. That does not, however, prove anything about his judgment of character. It is in every way likely that the little band of men chosen for discussion in this volume will be the theme of argument centuries after this. Public men naturally show their best faces to the public, and one of the accomplishments necessary to a politician is that of putting the best colour upon his own actions and that of the party to which he belongs. That is one difficulty to be overcome. The other is that genius is seldom unaccompanied by a blemish of one kind or another, and the individual judgment is apt to be swayed by the way in which that pleasure is regarded. To one it may mean nothing; to another, everything; and so arises a confusion of tongues. These intimate studies, then, are rather material for the historian of the future than final verdicts. What interested us most about them were a few vital passages in which the best or the worst of a man is displayed. One of these follows a picture of provincial manufacturers refusin

price to disclose their trade secrets. The proposal seemed lost when Mr. Lloyd George "leant forward in his chair, very pale, very quiet, and very earnest. 'Gentlemen,' he said in a voice which produced an extraordinary hush, 'have you forgotten that your sons, at this very moment, are being killed—killed in hundreds and thousands? They are being killed by German guns for want of British guns. Your sons, your brothers—boys at the dawn of manhood!—they are being wiped out of life in thousands! Gentlemen, give me guns. Don't think of your trade secrets. Think of your children. Help them! Give me those guns.'" That was the Lloyd George who became, and deserved to be, a national idol. The writer's complaint is that the Prime Minister is growing lethargic in mind and body. "He is tired, and evolution is not to be hurried." The most severely handled of the persons in this volume is Mr. Arthur Balfour—"Prince Arthur" as he used to be fondly called by "Toby" in Punch. His charge is that Mr. Balfour under a charming exterior hides a great deal of inglorious and ineffective self-seeking. He threw up his friend, George Wyndham, when he was doing well for Ireland; and this does not stand alone. The highest eulogy is reserved for Lord Haldane, but the most damaging criticism is that directed against Lord Robert Cecil. Neither his honesty nor his ability is impugned, but perhaps the pages might be summed up in a phrase easily understood, namely, that his political gifts are rather thin. The study of Fisher is good, and so is that of Lord Kitchener. A story told of the former might have referred to the latter. "I have often listened to a minister's confidential gossip about Lord Fisher; nothing in these interesting confidences struck me so much as the self-satisfaction of the little minister in treating the man of destiny as an amusing lunatic."

Spring Shall Plant, by Beatrice Harraden. (Hodder and Stoughton,

Spring Shall Plant, by Beatrice Harraden. (Hodder and Stoughton 8s. 6d.)

MISS HARRADEN is a late Victorian. (We hope she will forgive us, for we mean nothing derogatory by this statement.) Her mind is fresh and fragrant, but her freshness and fragrance are not of the present day. She wisely drops her characters into the late nineteenth century; she breathes late nineteenth century life into them, and she holds them in a late nineteenth century atmosphere with a firm hand. And there we find Patuffa in the early spring of her life, as different from the twentieth century child as the hansom cab is from the taxidaring, highbred, prancing, but never loudly heralding her approach, nor arrogantly pushing others aside in her efforts to get to the front. But what Miss Harraden forgets is that her readers live in the twentieth century and, like the taxi, they want to get on, so that Patuffa, the attractive, but rather ugly little grub who after 298 pages—in fact, to the end of the book—has not yet turned into Patuffa the butterfly, is in danger of outstaying her welcome. However, for those who have the time and the inclination for a little brain rest Miss Harraden is a delightful haven of peace. She walks in a sweet-scented flower garden wherein no ugly weeds are allowed to grow.

Among the Natives of the Loyalty Group, by E. Hadfield. (Methuen, 12s. 6d.)

MRS. HADFIELD is well qualified to write about the natives of Lifu, for she and her husband lived among them for many years. Fortunately, besides being a broad-minded person with an understanding heart, Mrs. Hadfield also possesses a very distinctive literary gift, so that her book is endowed more richly than many of its kind. For those whose travels into the far corners of the earth can only take place in the fastresses of their imaginations the author provides a For those whose travels into the far corners of the earth can only take place in the fastnesses of their imaginations the author provides a return ticket and an intensely well-conducted tour. She is genuinely anxious for us to know those primitive men of the Loyalty Islands, in whom "crass ignorance, superstition and long years of darkness" have not been able to destroy all the noble and fine features which are inherent in all men. She feels they are entitled to our respect, and she brings us into close touch with their mentality. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is contained in Part II, where she narrates with real artistic spirit several of the Loyalty Island legends. These may prove to possess very valuable material for researchers in folk-lore.

If I May, by A. A. Milne. (Methuen, 6s.)

If I May, by A. A. Milne. (Methuen, 6s.) MR. MILNE thinking happily aloud, a little bit conscious that you are listening to him and that you are presently going to wiggle in your chair with enjoyment, is a very delightful person to meet. He is, perhaps, just a shade less witty here than in the companion volume, "Not that it Matters," and readers who expect a story from him every time, however slight, will generally here be disappointed; but he has gained in kindliness and tolerance of outlook, without losing other attractive qualities. In common with those of most books originally contributed to the Press, the essays in If I May will probably be at their best for those readers who are strongminded enough to read them one by one; but the true "Milneite"—a word overheard in a tube lift and so, the writer feels, justified for general use—is unlikely to show such self-restraint, and will lose a little by his haste and greediness.

A Child's Book of Hours, by Constance and Noel Irving. (Humphrey Milford, 12s. 6d..)

Milford, 12s. 6d..)

SOMETHING quite fresh and original, both in appearance and contents, this is a book which will delight quite tiny people, and interest their older brothers and sisters besides, incidentally, and we imagine quite unintentionally, helping some of them to solve the difficult problem: "What o'clock is it?" Happy little poems on the events of a child's day, each headed by a clock with hands pointing to a different hour, are printed on thick brown card pages and faced by coloured pictures illustrating their subject. The book is exceptionally strongly bound.

#### BOOKS WORTH READING.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Boon, by H. G. Wells, illustrated by the author. (T. Fisher Unwin, 8s.)

The Uses of Diversity, by G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen, 6s.)

Memories of Alexander Isvolsky, translated by Charles Louis Seeger. (Hutchinson, 16s.)

A Dominie in Doubt, by A. S. Neill. (Jenkins, 5s.)

Old Bristol Potteries, by W. J. Pountney. (Arrowsmith's, £2 12s. 6d.)

Poems, 1901–18, by Walter de La Mare. Two volumes. (Constable, 27s. 6d.)

## CORRESPONDENCE

HATCHING EGGS BY STEAM IN 1823.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I wonder if the enclosed article, taken from the Sporting Magazine of June, 1823, will be of interest to you? "A man of respectable appearance, who said he had travelled through many nations for the purpose of ascertaining the most effectual way of hatching eggs without the assistance of the bird, appeared before the Lord? Mayor of London, at the Mansion House, June 25th, to make known his discovery of an infallible mode of producing chickens from eggs, by the application of steam, without waiting for the delays of Nature. He then placed upon the ChieClerk's desk a basket containing chickens and ducks, which were hatched in the artificial way, and appeared to be well acquainted with the person who introduced them to the dignity of the City's notice.

"The chicken hatcher declared that his isovery far exceeded in its effects all that ould be expected from any animal either with two or four legs, for he could produce the living roung in a prime state, and in a shorter time han they could be produced according to the "He had constructed a machine for the ggs, and by the judicious application of steam."

"He had constructed a machine for the ggs, and by the judicious application of steam, ontrived to fulfil the ends of nature, to the surprise of all who vatched the progress of animation in the egg. When first he advanced in his labours with the engine he was obliged to sit up thirty days was obliged to sit up thirty days and thirty nights to turn the eggs, lest the birds should be deformed, but now he had brought the thing to such perfection, that he was not obliged to sit up one night for a brood of one thousand chickens, and they appeared in a more unexceptionable character than if brought up under the care of their mothers.

"The Lord Mayor asked what peculiar benefit arose from this discovery, as it was well known that poultry was in great abundance?

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"The chicken hatcher replied that this immense advantage arose from it: That the public could always be accommodated with what was frequently a great rarity—new-laid eggs. The fowls which sprung out of the steam had the sprung out of the steam had the extraordinary faculty tof laying at all seasons, whereas those to which Nature was the handmaid, were not at all to be prevailed upon, except at stated periods, to supply

the delicacy.
"The Lord[Mayor then signed an affidavit, stating the power of the invention, and the chicken-hatcher called together his chickens and ducks, which had amused themselves during the investigation by feeding before his Lordship, and departed."—Cecily Kneeshaw.

THE "LOAD OF MISCHIEF."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I notice in Country Life for October 9th a paragraph relating to the old inn called the "Load of Mischief." There is another inn of this name with a very similar sign situated on the Whalley Road at Clayton-le-Moors, near Accrington, which also has a sign painted over the entrance showing a man with a load upon his back.—A. C.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Hogarth's inn-sign on this subje-formerly in Oxford Street, bore these lines subject.

"A monkey, a magpie, and a wife Is the true emblem of strife."

Is the true emblem of strife."
The sign, however, like many others, probably originated on the Continent. In the wide market street of Versailles, which leads at an angle into the more modern Avenue de St. Cloud, is an old auberge, bearing a large painted sign, with the words "L'homme chargé du Malice." The picture is on the same lines as that at Blewbury, but the male figure appears more like a gipsy or pedlar, and it has a good deal more whimsicality in the finish.—J. Landfear Lucas.

LORD SWAYTHLING'S COLLECTION OF LAMERIE SILVER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is an unfortunate misprint in the title of the first illustration to my article on this subject in your issue of October 9th. The date of the soup-tureen is given as 1763—67 instead of 1736—37; in the text the date is given correctly.—W. W. WATTS.

NEW SAINTS IN OLD NICHES.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of the north porch, Exeter Cathedral, the niches of which have been filled with figures representing the Patron Saints of the Allied Nations, given by an anonymous donor as a thank-offering and war memorial. Reading from left to right (top row): St. Denis, France, third century, a bishop with his head in his hand, a symbol of his death, having been beheaded; St. George and the Dragon; St. Joseph, Belgium, St. Cyril, Serbia, and St. Methodius, Rumania, ninth century. They were brothers and were missionaries to the Slavonic heathen. St. Cyril is represented in a philosopher's long habit and bearded. St. Methodius as an archbishop; St. Vladimir, Russia, Emperor, A.W.

THE NORTH PORCH OF EXETER CATHEDRAL, The niches newly filled by the Patron Saints of the Allies.

St. Ambrose, Italy, Bishop of Milan, fourth century, is represented with a beehive and was one of the four Doctors of the Early Church.—C. S. W.

[Since the niches were empty this scheme for filling them appears quite a happy one. It would be a very different matter if they had previously been filled. We may hope that there will never be a case of new Saints for old.—ED.]

THE PLAGUE OF AUTUMN FLIES A NEW USE FOR THE VACUUM CLEANER.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—For years past I have had serious trouble at this time of the year with the plague of flies coming in from the parks and fernland and settling in the house. This happens in other country houses that I know. Every precaution is taken as to cleanliness in the surroundings of the house, and yet every year I am troubled badly with this plague of flies. The only effective means of riddance I have found, and it is fairly drastic, is the use of the electric power vacuum cleaner with a long handle.

When it is passed over the swarms of flies they disappear into the vacuum cleaner.—H.

FOWLS AND CATS.

TO THE EDITOR.

FOWLS AND CATS.

To THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I put two questions to your readers?

(1) Are apples bad for laying hens? More than one poultry-keeper has warned me not to allow apple-parings in the fowl-pot, and to keep the hens out of my orchard, where they will peck out the fallen apples. But they like apples, and I have been told of a poultry-farm where they are allowed to have them. (2) What is the record number of kittens in a litter? I have a large long-haired black cat, which has had litters of seven, eight and even nine kittens. This year she has produced nineteen kittens in three litters, and is keeping company with her Thomas again already. We generally drown all the kittens, and she wastes no time in mourning. She is five years old, and will soon have made her century not out. I wish I had kept an accurate record from the beginning. She bids fair to rival Gilbert White's bantam sow, which was the mother of some three hundred pigs. During such vacations as her vocation allows her, she keeps down the mice, and I have rescued many a young rabbit and small bird from her quite uninjured.—

T. F. Royds.

[(1) Mr. W. Powell-Owen writes as follows: "Apples are poisonous to fowls, the symptom being a gradual wasting away of the bird affected. But the birds must take an excess to suffer seriously, which means that it is dangerous to allow a flock of layers to have the run of an orchard and to gorge on the fallers. The risk can be minimised by at least a partial collection of the fallen apples (more so when they are green) daily and by sound, sensible feeding. Be regular, for instance, in providing the usual meals, otherwise fowls are liable to take an excess of anything that is near, whether it is good or bad for them—shell or charcoal, for instance. Keep a constant supply of clean drinking water always before the orchard-kept flock and do not keep there short of succulent raw green food; in fact, to tempt them from the fallers chunks of raw marrow placedonthe grass here and there serve a useful purpose. Finally, k

row placed on the grass here and there serve a useful purpose. Finally, keep the fowls in fine fettle, because if they are fat and lack tone they will be readily affected without even an excess of apple-eating. Losses must be expected, however, among all orchard-kept flocks because there are sure to be a few greedy feeders among the birds, and if they gradually lose flesh, waste away and die the cause will be known. Ripe apples are not so dangerous as the green ones, and if they are boiled much of the poison is removed; but apples or parings hould be boiled separately from other foodstuffs and the water be thrown away. Even then they

other foodstuffs and the water be thrown away. Even then they should not be given too regularly or in excess; sooner or later the flock may get out of condition and the poisonous matter will spaickly take command and set up serious digestive and other internal disorders, causing some deaths and a big drop in egg-production.

(2) We do not know the exact "record," but ten kittens at a birth is an abnormally large litter. An average number is about six.—ED.]

FEIGNING OR FAINTING? ""

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Recently a willow tit flew into a room of a house in Hampshire and, in his efforts to escape by the window became lodged in between the two sashes. After several ineffective attempts to pick it out, a cloth was passed underneath it, and immediately the bird became quite still and rigid, its legs pointing stiffly into the air. On being extricated and put on the window-sill, it seemed to come back to life at once, and flew happily away. Was this a case of the "death-feigning instinct," written about so extensively by Hudson, or had the bird only fainted from sheer terror?—L. F. EASTERBROOK.

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YPRES—THE AFTERMATH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of the Cloth Hall of Ypres as it now stands and as I lately saw it—a dreadful monument of the war.— G. Krajewski.

#### A LATE BROOD OF SWALLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The latest brood of swallows which I have seen for some time in the North of England flew on October 3rd.—H. W. ROBINSON.

#### TURKISH DELIGHT.

TURKISH DELIGHT.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Though the Arab has a very hard life and lives simply, he is very fond of sweet things, and the sweet merchants in the Baghdad Bazaar do a very big business. Some of the sweets do not look attractive to our eyes, but those of us who have tasted the real "Turkish delight" will never again touch the gelatinous mass that goes by that name in this country. During the summer, when the temperature may be anything between 115 and 120 in the shade, the sweets do not remain very solid, and the photograph shows the method adopted by the seller for disposing of his goods. The toffy-like substance in the tray is almost in a liquid state, so he takes some of it on the end of an ordinary spoon and pops it into his customer's mouth, retaining hold of the spoon all the time. Of course, it is quite unnecessary to have more Of course, it is quite unnecessary to have more than one spoon, or even to wash it.—BAGHDAD.

## THE RESTORATION OF ANCIENT COTTAGES.

THE RESTORATION OF ANCIENT COTTAGES.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Nearly all rural districts abound in delightful old cottages, dilapidated, it is true, and often "condemned" by local authorities as unfit for habitation in their present state, but homes for many generations of a sturdy race in past days. Can the housing problem be met, at least in part, by putting such houses into thorough repair, and are they worth it? These questions will best be answered by giving a short account of the transformation of two derelict Essex cottages—forming three tenements—situated in the Parish of Rayne, about two miles from Braintree. Both are, probably, 250 to 300 years old, and trace back their existence to a time when every village craftsman was an artist. Their construction is on graceful but simple lines; the walls are of the usual "lath and plaster," which is typical of the Eastern Counties, with massive timbers, lattice windows, and high, sloping roofs of thick thatch. For some years these cottages had been neglected until the rain came through the thatch, the laths began to show through the trumbling walls, and one of the dormer windows was falling in. About a year ago an appeal on their behalf was made to the Clerk of the above Council, and it is due to his efforts and co-operation that the cottages have been rescued from dereliction. Advantage was taken of the Housing Act of 1919, which gave legal



THE CLOTH HALL AT YPRES.



OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES.

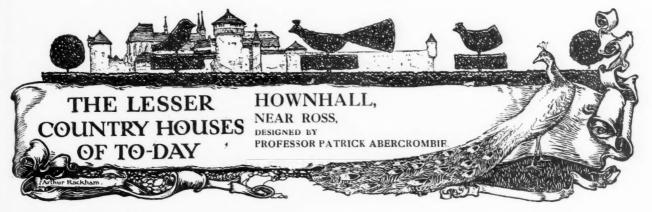
powers to rural authorities to undertake such restoration and to repay themselves for the cost by receiving the rents for the requisite period of time, which must not, however, exceed thirty years. So, during the winter of 1919-20, and into the early months of the following spring, the reconstruction of the oncedomed cottages went on. All the work was done by local hands: the village builder repaired the framework and interior, and the village thatcher covered the leaking roof with a dense coating of golden straw after the underlying timbers had been "made good." The walls, hitherto composed of a single layer of laths, were stripped and reformed with a double layer, with a suitable intervening space, thus making them about three times thicker than formerly. The brick floors were replaced by boarded ones, creosoted underneath and laid on concrete. All the windows were thoroughly repaired except a dormer one, which was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of deex what it was in such a state of the state of t

space, thus maning start thicker than formerly. The brick floors were replaced by boarded ones, creosoted underneath and laid on concrete. All the windows were thoroughly repaired except a dormer one, which was in such a state of decay that it was necessary to remove it, and reform and thatch the roof over the spot. To take its place a large and sunny casement window was made in the south wall. One of the dwellings possessed a scullery without a fireplace, and, as its walls literally let in the day, it could only be used as a receptacle for coals and firewood. This was transformed into a cosy kitchen. Hitherto the tenants had done all their washing in their own houses; no washhouse existed, and, naturally, they wished for that convenience. The question of expensemade the granting of this desire somewhat difficult.

While it was under consideration, however, our eyes fell on a small, oblong brick building with walls of dense thickness; situated just inside the ground of one of the cottages. This was the long-disused villagiprison, or "lock-up"—it may be seen on the left of the photograph—fitted with the original massive door of solid oak, with iron bandacross it, and round holes pierced for ventilation. A few years ago people were still living who could remember the last recipient of it hospitality. The crime was that of drunkenness, made worse by the fact that the offendehad reached a talkative stage, and, in the condition, had presented himself at the church during the Sunday afternoon service. This old prison was taken in hand; an external chimne was erected at the further end, a good copperand fireplace were placed inside, and a small window was pierced through the thick wall. The stout door, with its iron bars, was left intact. And now, instead of derelict ruins by the wayside, and three families vainly seeking homes, there are three comfortable dwellings filled with well satisfied inmates. The gardenare full of vegetables and flowers, and the cheerful sound of the clucking of hens may be heard inside their cheerful sound of the clucking of hens may be heard inside their wire runs. The entire cost. it is true, has amounted to nearly £500, which seems at first sight a large sum, yet it is not unreasonable when we consider the price of material and labour, and very small in comparison with the enormous expenditure required to erect the simplest form of new cottages.—E. VAUGHAN.



AN OLD ESSEX COTTAGE RESTORED WITH THE VILLAGE LOCK-UP, NOW A WASH-HOUSE.



CERTAIN little group of archi-tects in London, with a keen discernment of the Georgian houses, began to give us before the war some very convincing evidence of the faith that was in them. They produced houses which were a great advance in design on that medley of "Free Renais-sance" which shared with "Competition Classic" so unhappy a reputation: These houses were very pleasant to look upon, quiet and refined, and free from all freakishness and make-believe. Examples have been illustrated in former issues of COUNTRY LIFE—in particular some by Messrs. Adshead and Ramsey; and the house by Professor Abercrombie now illustrated is another example conceived in the same spirit. This house occupies a beautiful site amid the undulating countryside lying south of Ross and the Wye, and in work-ing out its design it was the architect's special aim to keep the lines of the house low and long, so as to fit naturally into its setting. A gabled or up-start house would here have been too assertive and overconspicuous. The plan forms an oblong block with a roomy hall centrally placed, the dining-room and kitchen coming on one side of it and a long west room on the other side. The treatment of the staircase is unusual. It sweeps



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ENTRANCE FRONT.

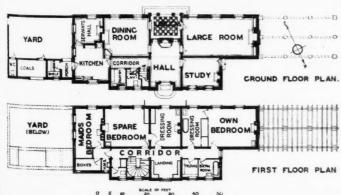
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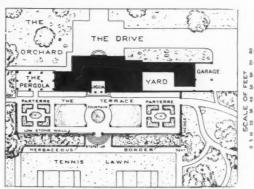


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GARDEN FRONT

COUNTRY LIFE.





BLOCK PLAN



Copyright

WEST ROOM.

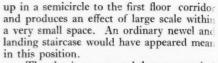
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyrigh

THE LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



The plan is so arranged that symmetrical wings can be added later on the entrance front, a billiard-room to the right and a larger kitchen and additional servants quarters to the left (the existing kitchen thereforming a butler's pantry); at present some farm buildings are used for extra servants quarters. It will be noted in the service portion of the house that the kitchen is treated as a working place only, the adjoining servants' hall providing the necessary surroundings of comfort in leisure hours which is now a very common and very proper requisition in house planning.

It was originally intended to use small

It was originally intended to use small hand-made grey Stonehouse bricks and brownish Roman tiles for the roofs, with Forest stone for the loggia, but owing to the fact that the tender was sent in almost immediately after the outbreak of war, increased cost was thereby involved, and smooth surfaced cement plaster was substituted for the wall face, with cement dressings. This substituted treatment is nevertheless admirable, the texture and clean colour of the wall face in combination

clean colour of the wall face in combination with the green shutters and the red tiled roof producing an effect of great charm.

Inside the house simplicity in conjunction with substantiality was the aim. No ceiling cornices and no mantelshelves were desired, and the absence of the customary bric-à-brac gives a very restful appearance to the rooms, which, moreover, are so furnished as to be eminently agreeable to live in as well as to look at.

The garden scheme is only partially

The garden scheme is only partially developed. It is laid out on a single axis at right angles with the garden front. There will be a series of terraces, only one of which—that next the house—has been completed. The tennis court will be on the second level and will lead down the slope, and nothing will be done to obscure the glorious view which the house enjoys. R. R. P.

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DETAIL OF GARDEN FRONT.



TERRACE, FROM THE LOGGIA.

### THE ESTATE MARKET

#### **ESTATES SCOTTISH** AND BORDER

COTTISH estates to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley during the autumn, include Mr. Ewing Gilmour's estates in Ross and Sutherland of 61,000 acres, with the Burra Islands, Shetland; Lord Wimborne's deer forest of Glencarron, 15,000 acres; the Vogrie estate of over 2,000 acres in Midlothian; the estate of Boath, 1,000 acres, adjoining the town of Nairn, belonging to Sir Frederick G. Dumbar; and the estate of Lintrose of 2,000 acres on the borders of Perthshire and Forfarshire, for Miss Murray of Lintrose.

Sir Richard Graham has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of Netherby Itall, his Border estate of 10,667 acres including The Flatt, a grouse moor of 8,667 acres, capable of yielding over 2,000 brace in a good season. Taymouth Castle, the property of the Marquess of Breadalbane, extending to 60,000 acres, will be offered at Hanover Square in December. The property is renowned for its sporting, and the fishing in Loch Tay was formous as long ago as the seventh century. Ling Donald IV, when fishing, met his death there by drowning. On an island in the east of Loch Tay are the ruins of a Priory, founded by Alexander I of Scotland and there lie the mains of Queen Sibilla daughter of Henry I.

The Royal Oak, Bettws-y-Coed, is to be Sir Richard Graham has instructed Messrs

Henry I.

The Royal Oak, Bettws-y-Coed, is to be sold by private treaty by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The hotel is noted for the David Cox sign board, the subject of a "leading" case.

#### EMBLEY PARK SOLD.

MESSRS. DANIEL SMITH, OAKLEY and Garrard have disposed of Lot 1 of the Embley Park estate, comprising the mansion and adjoining land, the home of Florence Nightingale. There are now only 90 acres to be dealt with, the Sherfield Mill lot. The auction was reported in COUNTRY LIFE of July 31st last. The estate has an area of about 5,800 acres, of which £24,000 worth was sold privately to the tenants before the auction, and at the auction further sales amounting and at the auction further sales amounting to £26,000 were effected, the extent thus dealt with aggregating about 1,575 acres. The value of the timber on 1,200 acres has been estimated, at a low figure, at £44,000, and the mansion and immediately surrounding land form a compact and superior sporting estate. Major Spencer Chichester is the vendor.

#### SALES OF COUNTRY HOUSES

THE announcement that the Maharajah Gaikwar of Baroda, who has bought Aldworth, Lord Tennyson's seat, intends to preserve the library as it was in the late Laureat's time, has been hailed with much satisfaction, as, indeed, has the fact that he has acquired the estate. The sale was effected by Mr. J. S. Castiglione, who obtained the very satisfactory price of £30,000 for the beautiful Haslemere property. It is just over fifty years ago that Aldworth was built, from Lord Tennyson's own plans, which were technically touched up by Sir James Knowles. The house stands very high, but has the benefit of a screen of oaks, larch and chestnuts. Southward the views of the weald of Sussex Southward the views of the weald of Sussex and northward, Leith Hall, are very beautiful. Lord Tennyson used to spend the latter part of each summer and the whole of the autumn at Aldworth, and he passed away there in October,

Two other residential properties, small but choice, both at Halstead, Essex, have also found buyers, through Messrs. Harrods, Limited, one being Cut Hedge and the other, Sloe House. The former was a very small place for a man of the vast means of the late Mr. Courtauld, who would have found it easy to buy and maintain any estate in the kingdom. Local charities are to receive the purchase money.

#### ST. OSYTH'S PRIORY, ESSEX.

THERE is reason to think that the withdrawal of St. Osyth's Priory near Colchester, was directly attributable to the gloomy forebodings which filled the City at the moment of the auction, owing to the circulation of the "cease work" order to the miners. A sale had certainly been expected, but, after a show of bidding from £25,000 to £29,500,

Messrs. Bidwell and Sons had to buy it in at a nominal advance.

nominal advance.

It was not the only transaction that suffered at once through the threat of labour strife, and why this should be is obvious. Owners who had made their arrangements early in the autumn for offering property are to be congratulated if they got the matter out of hand before the strike commenced. Without exception our advice, offered in these columns in September, seems to have been taken, and excellent use made of the month or so that elapsed after the first signs that a stoppage might ensue. Enormous amounts of money changed hands between the beginning of September and the end of last week, and so that elapsed after the first signs that a stoppage might ensue. Enormous amounts of money changed hands between the beginning of September and the end of last week, and the wisdom of disregarding, as far as possible, the threat of troubles was clearly demonstrated. To a certain extent the events of the railway strike of a year ago helped owners and agents to shape a safe course, and one thing especially emerges from the experiences of a year ago, that even the actual period of a strike may be usefully turned to account in those preparations without which no successful sale can be hoped for. In any event less interference is to be apprehended with the demand for country residential and agricultural estates than with purely investment properties. Prolongation of labour trouble will seriously impede dealings in that section of the market, just at the time when normally it should be at its best.

There seems to be ground for the report that a site on the Grosvenor estate, near Victoria Station, may shortly be sold by the Duke of Westminster, and the purchase money is understood to be in the region of half a million, but the matter is not finally settled.

A leasehold town mansion, No. 4, Buckingham Gate, Westminster, has been privately sold by Messrs. Trollope and Messrs. Densham and Lambert. Some activity has been manifest in the suburban market, such houses as Knightons, Finchley, with 15 acres, having been sold by Messrs. Prickett and Ellis; and a long list of sales of Surrey residences sold by Messrs. Prickett and Watkin, includes the sale by private treaty of the freehold residential property known as Blythe, Woldingham; freehold houses, No. 1, Ringwood Avenue, Redhill and Heath House, Reigate; a picturesque modern country house with two acres, known as The Haven, Dormans Park, near East Grinstead; a country retreat, Coneyhurst Bungalow, Ewhurst; and the freehold house, Eversleigh, Redhill.

#### A PENINSULAR LEADER'S ESTATE.

A PENINSULAR LEADER'S ESTATE.

A MONG the past owners of Hilston Park, the estate of 3,000 acres on the Monmouth and Herefordshire borders, may be mentioned Sir John Brownrigg, a Peninsular War hero. He bought it from the Pilkingtons, who had acquired Hilston from the Needhams, owners of it for generations. The house was rebuilt after its destruction by fire in 1838, a great quantity of beautiful old panelling from a property called the Lowch Duffryn being incorporated in it at a comparatively recert period. The agents are Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., whose recent transactions include the sale of Hollington House, Newbury, announced in Country Life last week.

#### CONTENTS OF SMALLEY HALL, DERBY

FULLY 1,5000zs. of old silver are catalogued by Messrs. Osborn and Mercer, in connection with their impending auction, arranged for early next month, of the contents of Mr. A. Swingler's residence, Smalley Hall, near Derby. The early English cabinets and writing tables are notable, as on the invails. and the great quantity of Old Derby and other china. The pictures include a fine example of the work of B. W. Leader. The estate is

A Norman Shaw house and 195 acres, within easy motoring distance of Rye golf course, is for sale by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners.

#### GRAVENHURST, BOLNEY.

MESSRS. CASTIGLIONE AND SCOTT are entrusted with the sale of the imposing mansion and 694 acres in Sussex, known as Gravenhurst, Bolney, beautifully situated near Hayward's Heath.

NORTHANTS RECTORY FOR

MIXBURY RECTORY, an old-fashioned house near Brackley, with 11 acres of grounds and meadowland and an adjoining farm of 46 acres, is to be sold at Brackley, by Mr. H. P. Stace, of that town, on October 29th, by order of the Rev. B. A. Patten, with the consent of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Possession will be given on completion of the

29th, by order of the Rev. B. A. Patten, with the consent of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Possession will be given on completion of the purchase. Mixbury Rectory, well placed for the Bicester Hunt, is on the main line of the Great Central Railway.

Two forthcoming sales by Messrs. Fox and Sons are on October 27th at Ringwood, of a vacant farm, Lion's Hill, 92 acres; and on November 4th at East Grinstead, of Fen Place, in the Ashdown Forest district, including the mansion and 740 acres. The house has oak panelling and polished oaken floors. There are six farms, plenty of cottages, and 142 acres of woodland.

Clapton Court, Crewkerne, 49 acres, in a good hunting country, is for sale, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, on October 26th, and Westfield House, Rugby, with 32 acres, for the Hon. Edmund Parker, on November 16th. Westfield, built fifty years ago, is central for the Warwickshire, North Warwickshire, Pytchley, Atherstone and Mrs. Fernie's Hounds, and there is an 18-hole golf course near it.

#### LINKENHOLT MANOR.

THIS freehold residential sporting and agricultural estate is shortly to come under the hammer of Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker. Linkenholt Manor comprises the whole village, and includes a moderate-sized mansion, several farm houses, and sixteen cottages. The area

the hammer of Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker. Linkenholt Manor comprises the whole village, and includes a moderate-sized mansion, several farm houses, and sixteen cottages. The area of the estate is 1,100 acres.

West Hall, Upham, nine miles from Winchester, a miniature freehold estate of 11 acres of beautifully timbered lands together with a charming old-fashioned house, with stabling, garage, dairy and farmery, has been sold privately (prior to auction) by Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker, whose sales also include Kenley, Barnes Close, Winchester, freehold, recently offered for sale by auction, and Holmbush, freehold residential property at Yateley, near Camberley, with garage and grounds. Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock notify the sale of Castle Rainey, Worplesdon, with grounds of nearly three acres (in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley). Acting under instructions from Mr. A. E. Donkin, who, after a long connection with Rugby School, is now removing to a distance, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock offered for sale Iverley House, Rugby, comprising attractive residence and grounds extending to nearly an acre. The property was withdrawn at £4,250. They have sold accommodation holding at Hillmorton, Rugby, extending to about 21 acres, which was withdrawn from auction on the 27th ultimo at the price of £1,450. Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock have also sold Lot 2 and part of Lot 3 on the Shuchburgh estate, Warwickshire, known as Chapel Green Farm, comprising a house and buildings and about 143 acres, withdrawn from auction on May 31st; and Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 7, Forfield Place, Leamington, which were withdrawn from from auction on May 3rst; and Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 7, Forfield Place, Leamington, which were withdrawn from their auction on September 21st. All lots offered at this auction have been disposed of, at an aggregate price of £18,000. The firm have also sold privately No. 63, Avenue Road, Leamington.

Messrs. Chancellors announce the sale of the following residential properties: No. 6, Denbigh Gar

# CESAREWITCH & MIDDLE PARK PLATE

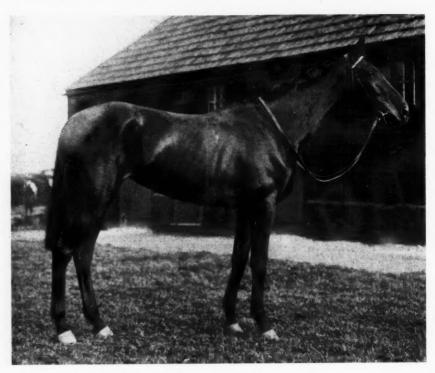
REFLECTIONS AND DEDUCTIONS

ACING "at Newmarket has a very ancient history. It is sprinkled thickly with stirring incidents, and, I might also add, much romance. Yet in all its records there can surely have been no parallel to such scenes as were witnessed on Cesarewitch Day last week. Time was when Newmarket beweek. Time was when Newmarket, be-cause it is off the beaten track, escaped the attentions of the casual racegoer, who only sallies abroad on "big" days. The Derby and the St. Leger attracted him in tens of thousands, and Newmarket, too, would have done so were it not for the fact that it was more difficult of access. All that, however, is changed. The motor car and, latterly, the motor charge have made News cult of access. All that, however, is changed. The motor car and, latterly, the motor char-a-bancs have made Newmarket an easy goal to reach, and so it was that on Wednesday of last week there came people in tens of thousands with what must have been thousands of cars. There never has been such an invasion of the headquarters of racing, and old lovers of the place may be forgiven for hoping that the experience may be strictly limited to a Cesarewitch Day.

Day.

Lattribute much of the great attend-

I attribute much of the great attendance to the fact that the Cesarewitch had immensely attracted and interested the public for a long time past. It had been discussed for weeks with more zest and keenness than usual, and it so happened that four or five animals were regarded by their connections as being absolutely unbeatable. One of them, as I have written on several recent occasions, was the three year old filly Blue Dun, her weight being 7st. 13lb., which is considerable enough for a three year old. Confidence in her up to the hour of the race was absolutely supreme. No favourite for a big handicap had been expected to win with such fear-nothing confidence. Then there was the alleged handicap certainty Holbeach, the tip of the official handicapper, Mr. T. F. Dawkins. He had got into the official handicapper, Mr. T. F. Dawkins. He had got into this race with much less weight than would have been his portion had the Cesarewitch weights been allotted subsequent to instead of before the horse's wins at Doncaster and Windsor. Here



BRACKET. Winner of the Cesarewitch. Copyright.

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was a four year old with only 6st. 8lb., that ought, it was said, to have had another 1elb.

Third favourite, and immensely expected, too, was the three year old filly Bracket. Her trainer, Reginald Day, had unabated confidence in her, and it was also in her favour that she had the riding services—z very considerable advantage—of the leading jockey, Stephen Donoghue. There were others, such as Spearwort, whose form with Buchan for the Doncaster Cup was capable of the closest scrutiny; Golden Guinea, a three year old by Polymelus, that carried the confidence of Mr.

Gilpin, who trained the winners of the

Gilpin, who trained the winners of the Derby and Grand Prix in Spion Kop and Comrade respectively; Front Line, a proved stayer that had finished second proved stayer that had finished second to Happy Man for the Ascot Stakes; and so on. But as regards the first three favourites, Blue Dun, Holbeach and Bracket, there was the maximum of faith, and they were immensely backed accordingly throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Before discussing details of the race.

I may be permitted to say that no candidate looked better in the paddock than Bracket. She carried off the paddock honours as being a perfect specimen of the thoroughbred that had thrived of the thoroughbred that had thrived and flourished on a severe Cesarewitch preparation. Not only is she a fine individual, but her trainer before the race declared her to be the best natural stayer he had ever had to do with. One does not forget that he trained the winner of the Cesarewitch in Son-in-Law five years ago. The appearance of Blue Dun was most disappointing. She was seen to be sweating heavily and shaking as if her nervous system had been completely shattered. I may, of course, be wrong, but as she ran so badly in the race, the probability is that the inference I drew was the correct one. Her staunchest admirers must have got a shock when they saw her in the paddock. Holbeach looked cool and hard, but he never showed in the race at any time in the light of a possible winner. He in the light of a possible winner. He could not possibly have shown his true form, otherwise he should have been in front of Brance, which finished fourth. Why he did not show his form I am



W. A. Rouch.

MONARCH. Winner of the Middle Park Plate.

Copyright.

quite unable to say. It may have been that the small bey Morris could not get him out; it may have been something else. If owner and trainer were mystified, there is excellent

reason why the looker-on should have been.

As regards others of the thirty-two numers, I may note that they were a well trained lot on the whole, but the majority had no pretensions to be competing in a Cesarcwitch field. Five furlongs from home prominent horses in the front rank were Brance, Front Line, Harrier and Golden Guinea, but Bracket also was well placed. With only two furlergs to go Deneghue had moved up on Bracket, and directly she was asked to go out and win her race she responded in most gallant fashion, jockey said that she positively sprinted the last furlorg. any rate she went right past Front Line and Brance to win with ears pricked, while the old horse Greek Scholar was depriving Brance of third place. Golden Guinea was fourth, and then came a troop of others, but the discredited Holbeach and Blue Dun finished far down the line, and their jcckeys could make no excuses for them. It is interesting to add that Bracket is by Cantilever (who won the Cambridgeshire a few years ago for Lord Harewood) from a mare named Simonath. Mrs. Gilbert Robinson bought the mere carrying Bracket at one of the December sales for the trifle of 170 guiness. Through Caligula it is possible to claim that Bracket is about the best of the season's three year olds, at any rate over a long course. Her victory was most popular, and congratulations in particular are due to Mrs. Robinson, to her skilful trainer, R. Day, and to her very able jcckey, Donoghue.

These notes on an eventful Newmarket Meeting would not

These notes on an eventful Newmarket Meeting would not be complete without reference to the race last Friday for the Middle Park Plate. It was one of the most interesting we have add in recent years, even though the result of it left one rather dissatisfied. It brought together Lemonora, the winner of the hampagne Stakes at Doncaster; Humorist, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, etc.; Polemarch, the winner of the Gimerack Stakes; Monarch, the winner of the July Stakes, etc.; Syrian Prince, a winner first time out at Ascot; Poiret, winner of the Mile Nursery at Doncaster; and Thunderer, a high-class winner in Mr. Jack Joel's ownership. That owner was doubly represented by Thunderer and Humorist, and the former carried the first colours as also Doncghue. He was clearly, therefore, expected to prove the better, although Humorist had twice beaten him in titals at home. Nevertheless all concerned, including Doncghue, who had ridden both, were all concerned, including Donoghue, who had ridden both, were

strongly of the opinion that Thunderer was a much better horse on a racecourse than in private. I do not think the race cleared up that point, for I am sure Thunderer was not right. He could not stride out either going to the start or coming back and he was probably sore. He is a big-topped horse with queer-looking fore joints, and the ground was very hard, so 1, personally, am going to give this colt another charge and not condemn am going to give this coil another cherice and not condemn him because he was badly beaten now. As a matter of fact, Humorist beat him lengths, just as he had done in the trials, but he could not overtake Monarch, who got off with a flying start and maintained the advantage to win by a neck. Monarch start and maintained the advantage to win by a neck. Monarch was lucky in getting such a fine start, but he must be given full credit for having splendid speed. One result was that every other animal was made to sprawl in the endeavour to get on terms with him. Lemonora, naturally a slow beginner, was unbalanced and never showed his right form. Humorist had to be so bustled that he could not be given an "easy" throughout the six furlongs. Carslake, who rode him, thinks he was most unlucky to be beaten. Some day we shall see the form turned topsy-turvy. Humorist will beat Menarch, and may be Polemerch will beat them all, as there are great possibilities about this handsome dark chestrut son of The Tetrarch and Pemace. Then I am quite certain that we did not see the best of Lamenora and Thunderer, and altogether it is a race that will be discussed and argued about for a long time to come. Maybe the race for the Dewhurst Plate next week will help to elucidate much of what seems difficult to understand at the moment.

Providing the strike situation permits, the concluding meeting of the season will take place at Newmarket next week and, of

course, the outstanding feature will be the race for the Cambridge-shire Stakes. I do not propose here and now to go into details as to the claims of the many candidates. The favourites have been coupled in double events with Bracket, and those who lay odds will remember it for years to come should Square Measure or Fancy Man win next week. I believe both have good chances and, indeed, it was a most impressive performance that Square Measure gave when winning the Select Stakes at the k at meeting. Fancy Man is thought to have come on a lot since Royal Hussa beat him at Newbury, and two other three year olds I have had excellent accounts of are Bideford and Tete å Tete. Then there is the four year old Claricn. "They can't all win," as thirty-one found to their cost on Cesarewitch Day, and therefore I shall adhere to my original choices of Square Measure and Fancy Man.

Fancy Man.

AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS AT GOLF

By Bernard Darwin.

It is undeniable that the amateurs cut rather a poor figure in the foursome tournament at Sunningdale last week. However, speaking as the one of them who probably cut the poorest figure of all, it was a delightfully friendly and enjoyable as well as a most interesting contest, and it is to be hoped that it may become an annual function. Admittedly, the amateur side was not wholly representative. Some of the Scottish players would have been very valuable, but in these hard times you cannot get players to come from all parts of the country for a day's golf. Mr. Hambro had done his best and got a good side. It was not, it is pretty clear, good enough to hold its own with the handicap of two holes up, but it ought, I think, to have done a little better than it did.

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The actual results are now past history, and I will not set them out at length. There were in the first round but two successful pairs of amateurs. Mr. Gordon Lockhaut and Mr. Holderness played magnificently against Sherlock and Havers and fairly overwhelmed them. Mr. Hambro and Mr. Harry Braid also played very well and won comfortably from Duncan and C. R. Smith. In the next round Messrs. Lockhart and Holderness ran up against a couple who were playing with steady brilliance, Williamson and Ritchie, and lost a good game at the seventeenth. Mr. Hambro and Mr. Braid appeared to have the match safe when they were dormy two on Herd and Joshua Taylor. Then they were attacked by that too common disease of shortness on the green. Through it they just failed to get a 4 at either of the last two holes and had to go to the nineteenth. Herd is a terrible opponent if you let him slip. He returns evil for good. At the nineteenth he played a magnificent approach quite close to the hole, and his partner finished off the match with a good steady putt.

Of course, in a tournament of this sort one is always trying to lay one's finger on the spot and say wherein exactly the professional excels. At Sunningdale he excelled everywhere. Perhaps not to any great extent in the putting, but he drove further and straighter, played his long iron shots more crisply, and was markedly defter and surer in his little pitches from off the edge of the green. Moreover, he did not indulge, as did several amateur couples, in a temporary breakdown, a series of bad holes. And because he was surer of himself and his shots, he had just inside turn when it came to a tight finish. As regards these last two points, there is just this to be said, and I hope it will not be taken as an unworthy excuse: most

of the amateurs had come back some little while from their holidays, and were therefore not all in the fullest practice. This made, I think, a little difference as regards those bad

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The reason why the professional plays the better is sufficiently clear. It is the job for which he is paid. He is always at it—always trying to improve, and he can never afford to allow himself to be slack. The more technical reasons for his superiority are not quite so easy to determine. It seems to me that chiefly he is better because he really practises those pedestrian and obvious virtues that most of us only preach. Thus, he stands much stiller than the amateur; he is more firmly planted on the ground at the moment of hitting the ball; the right foot does not begin pirouetting too soon. He seems to hit harder and, perhaps because he is constantly using the right muscles, he does so to some extent; but the impression of this extra power is enhanced by the stillness of his body. It was very much struck by this immobility in the case of one of my conquerors, Holland. He is not tall, and he is not heavy—rather the reverse; but he hits a tremendous distance without rather the reverse; but he hits a tremendous distance without the faintest appearance of effort, and the firmness of his feet and stillness of his body are truly enviable. And how still they all keep their heads, a virtue which is at the very root of the matter. Taylor has long been held up as a model in this respect, and so he is; but there are others as well. I do not think Taylor himself looks longer at the place where the ball used to be than does Tom Williamson, and you very, very seldom

see any of them lift their heads prematurely.

It was, as always, noticeable that the professional waggled less than the amateur. There was, of course, an exception in that splendid and venerable fighter. Sandy Herd; but Herd is a law to himself. Moreover, he has always the excellent retort which he once made to a foolish spectator, that if he has a great many waggles, he plays "a great many d——d good shots, too." No doubt all amateurs would do well to cut down shots, too." No doubt all amateurs would do well to cut down their preliminaries as far as possible, but it is futile to make a mad rush at the ball, just because a professional can get the stroke over so quickly. A man who is not constantly playing must need more of a winding-up process than one who is.

Despite the title of this article, I must say one word about the final day's play in which there were no amateurs. Any regrets on that score were soon dispelled by the superlative golf of the professionals. The final, in which J. H. Taylor and

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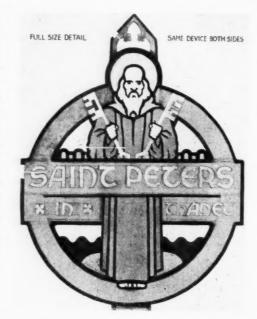
Braid beat Herd and Joshua Taylor at the twentieth hole, was as fine an exhibition of golf and foursome play as I ever saw. It was a little sad that Herd and his partner, after playing so wonderfully for sixteen holes, let their chances slip through their fingers at the last two; but these things will happen. A very special word of congratulation is due to Joshua Taylor. He was in great company, and he was the most brilliant of the four. The News of the World Tournament has given he just the little filip and confidence he wanted, and he has revealed himself as a golfer of very high class indeed.

# VILLAGE SIGNS EXHIBITION

THE DUKE OF YORK was happily inspired when, at the opening of the Royal Academy in May last, he advocated the revival of village signs. It is not necessary to flit through an English village in a motor car in order to be baffled as to the village's name. We may walk at the sedatest pace and, unless we stoop to ask or are lucky at the post office, we may walk all day long through a nameless countryside, From a purely utilitarian standpoint signs are to be commended. Further, they can be in themselves both engaging and romantic, and they help to foster a pleasant thing, local patriotism.

and romantic, and they help to foster a pleasant thing, local patriotism. It is good for a man to be proud of his county and his village, and to know the legends and traditions that belong to it. Such traditions make capital subjects for signboards, and thus both the inhabitant and the wayfarer profit.

It is decidedly encouraging that some six hundred designs were sent in for the prizes given by the Daily Mail; and of these 220 are now hung in the exhibition at Australia. House. It must be confessed, however, that the designs are disappointing. A design to be effective must be bold and simple in drawing and colour, and it must bear the name of the village in plain characters. These facts have escaped the attention of many artists. Apart from the merits of the draughtsmanship, many designs are far too complex and crowded. Some of them must have been conceived by local committees anxious to advertise the attractions of their village. The spirit and the language is that of the guide book and the visitors' list. In one case there is beneath the picture a legend describing the village as "surrounded by modern residences with luxuriant gardens." Keston in Kent affords another instance of too much zeal. The board not only contains the name of the village entangled in a rather mysterious design, but also a map and a list of places of interest (one wonders they were not called "beauty spots") in the neighbourhood. Wroxeter in



FIRST PRIZE: PERCY G. MATTHEWS.

Shropshire is, no doubt, the old Roman fortress of Uriconium and famed for its excavations. Still, a picture its excavations. Still, a picture of four Roman urns or vases against a background of no particular colour and surmounted by the words "Uriconium 41–410 A.D." does not strike one as exhilarating or romantic. Sometimes the artists have had particularly good chances and wasted them. Take Robin Hood's Fave particularly good chances and wasted them. Take Robin Hood's Fay. The picture of the great outlaw with Maid Marian and Alan-a-dale in the background is thoroughly commonplace and suggestive of the fancy dress breakfast at Mrs. Leo Hunter's. And what an opportunity is given by Caldbeck and John Ped, and how little has been made of it.

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Excellent by contrast are the two famous Maids of Biddenden, who were joined in the manner of

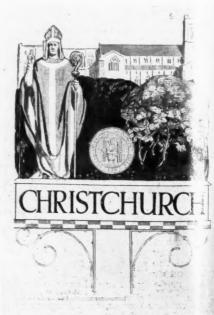
two famous Maids of Biddenden, who were joined in the manner of the Siamese twins.

One of the best and simplest designs, had it been better carried out, is that from Buckhurst, a red buck against a background of green wood. Here, at least, the artist was on the right lines. Generally speaking, the most pleasing designs are the purely heraldic ones. A good coat of arms is always satisfactory.

The winning design from St. Peter's in Thanet is simple and direct and easily intelligible—all three good things—but it is hardly stirring. It would not have been surprising if the judges had preferred the third prize winner from Battle. Her's is a spirited design and has a faint, very faint perhaps, but still pleasant suggestion of Uccello's battle picture in the National Gallery. Mayfield is pretty, perhaps rather too pretty, and just a little mild. Christchurch is dignified and to the point, but, if anything, too complicated. Another prize-winning design of St. Christopher carrying a child over a shallow ford (Shalford) is pleasing, if a little too like a stained glass window. Widdicombe also wins a prize with Peter Davy, Peter Gurney, and the rest, and Tom Pearce's grey mare, but here, again, a good opportunity has not been fully taken—a criticism which applies very generally throughout the exhilltion.







SECOND PRIZE: GEOFFREY WEBB.

THIRD PRIZE: MISS DOROTHY HUTTON.

FOURTH PRIZE: E. P. E. NASH.